

PRZEMSYL HAS FALLEN BEFORE RUSSIAN ASSAULT

Austrians Starved Out of The City After Siege Lasting Six Months

MUTINY OF TROOPS CAUSES SURRENDER

Soldiers of Garrison Refuse to Obey Their Commanders and Latter are Forced to Capitulate—Victory of Great Importance to the Russians as it Opens the Way to Cracow and Releases 150,000 of Czar's Troops for Other Operations—Cracow to be Besieged at Once and Its Fall Will Give the Russians an Almost Clear Path to Berlin.

(By United Press)
Petrograd, March 23.—Mutiny broke out in the starving garrison at Przemyśl and General Kusmanek was forced to surrender to the Russians to save his army from the disgrace of a revolt.

On the south the Austrian generals decided to use their 20,000 soldiers to make a savage attack upon the Russian line and cut a gap through which part of them could fight their way to safety. The soldiers refused to move when ordered and the officers rode along the line, threatening to execute those who would not obey orders. More and more soldiers joined the revolt and threatened to lay down their arms unless they were given food.

Decided to Surrender
General Kusmanek held a long conference with his officers and decided that it was best to surrender to the Russians. Hasty attempts were made to destroy the fortifications before surrendering but the Austrians lacked explosives to carry out their plan, and the fort can be repaired in a few weeks. Ten thousand Russian soldiers will be left here to guard the fort.

Russians Enter City
Very few of Przemyśl's private homes suffered and none of the landmarks were destroyed by the bombardment of the Austrians because of the care with which the Russians fired.

General Seliwanow's besieging army of 100,000 began entering the city this morning. General Seliwanow and General Kusmanek held a conference after the surrender, but the context of it has not been made public.

Great Joy Over Victory
The Red Cross nurses preceded the soldiers into the city, where doctors had gone several hours before to care for the wounded Austrians.

In Petrograd the wildest joy over the victory is being shown. People are marching, carrying the allies' flag and searching to sing hymns before newspaper offices.

Story of Surrender
The garrison of Przemyśl capitulated yesterday to the investing Russian army. The ending of the long siege is considered here of great importance. It gives Russia control of virtually all of Western Galicia and releases the Russian army, which has been besieging the city, for service elsewhere.

The Przemyśl garrison surrendered without a fight, hoisting the white flag over the fortress.

War office advices report that nine Austrian generals were taken, more than 300 officers and 50,000 men. The Russian general commanding the investing army has been decorated with St. George's Cross.

Nothing since the capture of Lemberg and the victorious sweep of the Russian army through Galicia in the beginning of the war has aroused an equal degree of enthusiasm. Newspaper offices and army headquarters were bombarded with telephone inquiries for information. Crowds stood in a pelting snowstorm before the bulletin boards.

(Continued on Page Five)

Odenwald Being Held For an Investigation

(By United Press)
Washington, March 23.—Attorney General Gregory admitted today that prosecution would follow the attempt of the German ship Odenwald to escape from the Porto Rican port of San Juan without clearance papers. The ship is being held until reports from Porto Rico can be obtained. She attempted to escape yesterday and was stopped by shots from United States guns in El Morro fortress.

FIRE DESTROYS FINE SCHOOL BUILDING

Fire destroyed the large frame High School building in Woodward township yesterday. The building stands upon the hill not far from Houtzdale. Flames were seen issuing from the building early in the morning about 4 o'clock, and men hurried to the scene to extinguish the fire, which had gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the structure.

The fire started in the northwest corner of the building, several yards from the furnace. The janitor banked the fire at 6 o'clock the evening before and it was still banked when he returned to the building after it was found to be on fire, so that it is thought that boys or men may have started the fire accidentally.

The loss is estimated at \$12,000, and \$6,500 of this is covered by insurance.

The High School building was built in 1892 and was a good, substantial structure containing fire rooms.

Civilians Killed by Aviators

(By United Press)
Paris, March 23.—German aviators flew over Rheims last night, dropping bombs and killing three civilians.

The artillery bombardment of Rheims continues. It was reported that three bombs were dropped in a city 45 miles from here and that the aviators returned to the Aisne.

A Neat Reminder
The Clearfield National bank presented its patrons with a very useful reminder that it is "the bank of service" this morning in the form of a convenient roll upon which to write telephone numbers frequently called for. The list is easily fastened to the transmitter and is thus always in place and ready for use.

More Cattle Infected
Five cases of the foot and mouth disease were discovered yesterday in the herd of cattle belonging to Joe Poleet, of Walston, Jefferson county. Dr. Hecker, representative of the State Livestock Sanitary Board and Dr. Rentschler, veterinarian, discovered the new cases.

Dr. Rachel Reed, formerly of Clearfield, but who for the past 12 years has been in Japan, is prepared to give osteopathic treatments. Office on 5th floor of Leitzinger Bros' store; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week.

Umbel Resigns Office of Judge

Harrisburg, March 23.—Gov. Martin G. Brumbaugh last night announced that he had accepted the resignation of President Judge Robert E. Umbel of Fayette county common pleas court to take effect immediately. The retirement of Mr. Umbel was made public in the following letter written by Gov. Brumbaugh:

Harrisburg, Pa., March 22, 1915.
Hon. Robert E. Umbel, Uniontown, Pa.
My Dear Sir:

Your resignation as president judge of the Fourteenth judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the county of Fayette, has been received and I have accepted the same to take effect now.

Your counsel, in view of the resolution now pending in the house of representatives, have explicitly stated that the tendering of your resignation at this time is not to be construed as an admission upon your part of the truth of any of the charges made against you.

Very truly yours,
MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH.

PROCESS OF PASTEURIZING MILK BY LOCAL COMPANY

An inspection of the plant of the Clearfield Pasteurized Milk company discloses the fact that the milk handled by this company is kept as clean and pure as it is possible for human agency to bring about. The milk sold by this company goes through an intricate process before it is delivered to the public. The milk is first tested as to temperature, solids and specific gravity. The milk sold to Clearfield people shows from 4 1-2 to 5 per cent. butter fat. After this test the milk is placed in the cooler where it remains until it is time to pasteurize it; a description of this method of cleansing and purifying milk is as follows:

The pasteurizing machine is fitted with tubes which are filled with hot water. The milk is stirred gently so that every particle is heated at an even temperature of from 140 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. It is next pumped into the cooler where it is kept at a temperature of from 40 to 45 degrees. It then drops into the bottler which fills four quart bottles and five pint bottles at a time. It is then put into the refrigerator and held for delivery at a temperature of from 40 to 50 degrees. All bottles are thoroughly washed and rinsed with boiling water. They are finally sterilized with live steam.

It is utterly impossible for any germs to reach the milk as it does not come in contact with human hands from the beginning to the end of the pasteurization.

The company is prepared to furnish the public with fresh milk, pasteurized milk, sweet and sour cream and cottage cheese, all of first class quality.

Womans Club Will Have Fine Program

Mrs. Clark Thayer will be hostess this evening at her home on Locust street at one of the most delightful sessions the Womans club has ever had. The club program is especially interesting to lovers of good music.

An interesting paper upon "Prima Donna's of Today" has been prepared by Mrs. H. F. Wallace and the club is looking forward to hearing many interesting things about some of the stage favorites of today.

"Madame Butterfly" will be given in part by Mrs. E. C. Reeve and Miss Marian Bigler. Miss Bigler will tell the story of the opera first, then they will enact parts of the second and third acts.

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Very truly yours,
MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH.

GERMAN SPIES ARE CAUGHT IN THE ACT AND "DISAPPEAR"

Ingenious Methods of Giving Information to Kaiser's Commanders

Old Cider Woman's Candle Light Sends News to the Germans—One Man, Enlisted in French Regiment, Employs a Dog to Carry Maps From French Lines into the Camp of the Teutons.

By Phil Rader.
Written for the United Press.
(Copyright 1915, by the United Press)
Article No. 5.

London, March 1.—There was a little old woman of French nationality whose shot riddled little cottage was about a mile behind our trenches. She had a huge supply of cider, and when one of us got money and a chance, we would sneak through the trenches back to her little house, knock on the shattered window until she opened it and handed out a big cut full of apple juice. "My good old husband," as she described him, was killed in the cottage by a German bullet. We buried the body for her and asked her why she didn't move.

"No! No!" she exclaimed, "this is my home, and if I die anywhere I die here."

Sold Her Country for Gold
One night we saw three little flickers of light come from a chink of the shuttered window. On a hill, far away, in the German lines, we saw a tiny light blink three times. For three nights we watched the sparkling chink in the widow's window blind. We didn't want to believe she was a spy, because, if she were taken away we would miss our cider. But, at last, we had to act. We caught her one night, in the deed, and our officers sent her away. I don't know where. She had sold her country for German gold.

There was only one instance of the thoroughness of the German spy system. He Used the Telephone
One day we found a telephone wire running through the beet fields from the German trenches to a point far behind our lines. It ended at a popular tree where a German spy, hidden in the branches, had been phoning the enemy all the details of our movements. But Demille was the spy of all spies. He lived with us in our trenches; he shot at the Germans and cursed them as we did. But all the time he was sending messages to them. And when he was caught in the act, he kept silence like a man. Our officers took charge of him, and he disappeared—executed, we heard. In these early days of the war, when foreigners in Paris were forming a foreign legion, Demille, a splendid looking, big man with a beard that gave him a distinguished appearance and a manner that was the essence of courtesy, got his name into the list and was accepted. He had money in unlimited quantities and before we departed from Paris to the front he gave parties right and left to little groups of comrades. His profession was that of an engineer of a sugar making machine, and he knew every inch of the sugar best country in which our regiment was finally stationed.

Callie Dog Messenger
It was a collie dog that proved the

(Continued on Page Five)

URNS DOWN OFFER FROM GERMAN BUYERS

(By United Press)
Lincoln, Neb., March 23.—A request that his firm of horse buyers bid on a contract for furnishing the German government 30,000 horses for service in the European war has been received by George Woods, of the firm of Watson, Woods Brothers & Kelley, of Lincoln. This is the first request from an agent of the German government received by the firm, though both the English and French governments have had representatives confer with the horse men. Woods was also requested to meet the German government's agent in New York. How the animals were to be delivered into the war zone was not discussed in the messages, as that part of the problem, Woods said, would be up to the purchaser.

The firm will not bid on the contract, Woods said, because it has been found that the government's agents resort to sharp practice which robs the transactions of the profit. The animals are contracted for subject to inspections, he says, and when delivered a large percentage of them are declared to be below standard and so refused. Then these culls are later bought up by men representing themselves as being railroad contractors, who pay a considerably lower price, the owners being obliged to accept the lower figure to get rid of the animals and stop heavy bills. But these alleged contractors, Woods says, are in reality also buying horses for service in the war zone, and the entire shipment of horses reaches the purchasing government, though at a lower figure than the original contract price.

Rev. D. L. Schultz At Baptist Church

The Rev. D. L. Schultz, Labor Evangelist of the Baptist church began a three weeks evangelistic campaign at the Baptist church last evening. Clearfield people will remember Mr. Schultz, who was in Clearfield December 20, and spoke at the opera house in the afternoon and again at Trinity M. E. church in the evening.

He is a powerful speaker and very successful in his work. Those who hear him once are always anxious to hear him again. Come and hear him. He is his own best advertisement. Song service 7:45 every evening.

Whipping cream a specialty. Emory H. Shaw, R. F. D. NO. 1.

Rent a Home For Poor Children

The Children's Aid society has rented the Smith property, in Reedsville, and intend to use it as a temporary home for the children who come under its care. They have long felt the need of such a home and are sure that many of the townspeople are interested in what they are doing for the homeless little ones. To these they would appeal for anything that will enable the society to furnish and equip such a home.

Articles that are especially needed by the society are, single beds and bedding, rugs, tables, chairs, table linen, dishes, window shades and curtains and kitchen furnishings.

Persons having such articles or other things that they would give are asked to notify one of the officers or members of the Aid society and they will be called for and most gratefully received.

President, Mrs. D. L. Krebs.
Vice Presidents, Mrs. W. L. Swoope, Mrs. A. O. Smith, Mrs. W. O. Wilson.
Treasurer, Mrs. Blanche Hiddle.
Secretary, Mrs. F. B. Reed.
Assistant Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Leitzinger.

METHODIST MINISTERS GIVEN APPOINTMENTS

Only One Change in the Pastorates of the Clear- field Churches

REV. B. A. SALTER TRANSFERRED TO PATTON

West Side Congregation Gets Rev. J. W. Long, a New Minister Here — Rev. J. Max Lantz Remains at Curwensville — Rev. Bender and E. W. Brown in Charge of Trinity and Rev. R. C. Peters Will Continue in East End — Rev. O. B. Poulson Transferred From New Millport to Wallacetown—In Other Parts of the County Present Pastors Will Remain.

RUMOR OF AIR RAID EXCITES PARISIANS

(By United Press)
Paris, March 23.—Following reports that Paris would be attacked by Zeppelins at 5 o'clock this morning deputies expressed fear for the welfare of the city because of the danger that would follow if Zeppelins, heavily laden with explosives, should be fired at and drop, resulting in a large loss of life.

The crowd that filled the streets was typical of a New York New Year's crowd. People crowded into the streets and stood waiting all night for the attack. They laughed and enjoyed themselves and seemed not even a little bit worried. There was not the slightest panic.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the signal, "all is well," was given and the people returned to their beds.

Admits Killing Children

(By United Press)
Terre Haute, Ind., March 23.—Verne Alphonse Lewis murdered Mrs. Mary Balding and three of her children and attempted to kill the two other children on the night of March 14 because he "loved them so," and did not wish to see them "go away," according to a confession that police say Lewis made yesterday. The murderer crushed the skulls of his six victims with flat irons as they lay asleep. The two who survived his attack are suffering from fractured skulls and, physicians say, will die.

MANY GLASS FACTORIES TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED

A temporary suspension of all of the glass works of the United States is about complete, the DuPont plant and the Grafton, W. Va., plants being about the only ones that will operate after today. It is said that the workmen in these two factories who will not quit work will be expelled from the national association. The plant is shut down are those known as the hand plants, says the DuPont Courier.

Among the hand plants in the "curtail list" are the Vintners Brownsville, Buckeye, Farmington, Gettysville, Hartford City, Wilcox, Telfordville, Lafayette, Mounton, Sandusky, Pleasantville, Cameron, Sandpiper, Salem, Pottsville, Pottsville, Fairchance, Huntingdon, Independence, Mannington, Buckhannon, Allegheny, Union and Lockport.

German Socialists Demand An End to Present War

(By United Press)
Aachen, March 23.—A German socialist leader today demanded an end to the present war. He said that the German people were suffering and that the war was a waste of money and blood. He called for a general strike and for the government to negotiate peace.

Shanokin, March 23.—The following appointments of ministers read by Bishop Hurt this morning closed the 47th annual session of the Central Pennsylvania conference of the Methodist Episcopal church:

Altoona District—District Supt., Simpson H. Evans.
Clearfield—Trinity, H. R. Bender and E. W. Brown.
Eleventh Street—R. C. Peters.
West Side—J. W. Long.
Coalport and Bryans—J. T. Williams.
Curwensville—J. Max Lantz.
Hemlockton—W. Moss.
Glen Campbell—S. B. Engler.
Glen Hope—W. L. Gilbert.
Half Moon—F. A. Lawson.
Houtzdale—J. R. Deibel.
Howard—J. E. Dunning.
Katharine—J. F. Cobb, (supp. Lumber City)—M. C. Floy.
Mill Hill—E. F. Higgins.
Morrisdale—R. J. Knox.
Munson—N. B. Smith.
New Millport—L. M. Reimley, (supp.).
Oscarville—H. H. Crostley.
Patton—B. A. Salter.
Penns Valley—W. H. Williams.
Phillipsburg—A. L. Miller.
Pleasant Gap—J. H. McKeehole, (supp.).
Port Matilda—J. E. Jacobs.
Ramey—C. C. Snively.
Salmon and Lamar—W. B. Cook.
Sandy Ridge and Clearfield—G. R. Knox, (supp.).
Shawville—J. B. Burges.
Snow Shoe—J. S. Holker.
State College—J. M. Reilly.
Wallacetown—O. B. Poulson.
Woodland and Bradford—W. H. Hartman.

There were not many changes in the pastorates of the Methodist churches in this district. Rev. H. R. Bender remained at Trinity, R. C. Peters at Eleventh Street, J. Max Lantz at Curwensville, J. E. Dunning at Howard, J. W. Long came to the West Side and Rev. B. A. Salter goes to Patton.

Altoona is selected for the 1916 meeting of the Central Pennsylvania Methodist conference. The session will be held at the Eighth Avenue church.

The conference adopted a resolution offered by the Rev. H. R. Bender of Berwick, to the effect that President Wilson's refusal to have a law enacted which would prohibit the shipping of butter from "swindling" territory.

Another resolution adopted provided that Rev. H. R. Bender be chosen permanent secretary of the conference.

Marriage Licenses
The following marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk:

John M. Kennedy to Abigail Jones, land in Bryson, \$1.

Robert Lowe to John T. Booser, land in Orosco, \$3200.

Francis M. Smith to W. H. & W. S. Callahan, land in Clearfield, \$3000.

Real Estate Transfers

Daniel Stokker to Anna Marjorie, land in Gettysville, \$800.

Abraham Jones to John M. Kennedy, land in Bryson, \$1.

John M. Kennedy to Abigail Jones, land in Bryson, \$1.

Robert Lowe to John T. Booser, land in Orosco, \$3200.

Francis M. Smith to W. H. & W. S. Callahan, land in Clearfield, \$3000.

Real Estate Transfers

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DIRECTORS
ROBERT H. SOMMERVILLE JOHN W. BARRATT E. W. HESS
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TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1915

Good evening! Cheer up; there is always the poor house in prospect.

Spring sprang a joke on the people in this section.

Nothing new has developed in the various wars in Mexico this week.

Do your seed shopping early and be ready for the spring opening.

It was another case of the Irresistible running up against the immovable.

People who want to live in a salubrious climate and enjoy life to the full move to Clearfield.

Without looking in the city directory, can you tell offhand who is president of Mexico today?

New Yorkers who travel in the subway scout the idea that submarine boats are such terrible things.

Unhappy will be the woman whose milliner fails to get her Easter hat home in time for the big parade.

Two Frenchmen were wounded in a duel the other day, and they no doubt, feel as proud as if they had been shot in the trenches.

Italy has not been keeping out of the war because she is afraid of Austria, but because she has seen what a horrible thing war is.

Every convert Billy Sunday made in Philadelphia cost one hundred dollars, but if they "stick" nobody ought to begrudge the expenditure.

Seventy-seven per cent. of the women in Chicago voted at the recent election, and about twenty per cent. of these got their ballots on straight.

Our idea of a useless waste of words is a physician stating that women pay the penalty of wearing too light clothes and low-necked dresses in cold weather.

Next month the cry of "play ball" will ring throughout the land, and the supper table will wait overtime for the return of father and son from the ball park.

Some of the backwoods newspapers are still discussing the Shaw case, which is a waste of time and space. The Shaw case doesn't interest the people any more.

The scarlet fever situation becomes less acute, only a few isolated cases developing each week, and none of the cases proving fatal, for which facts let us all be thankful.

These egg-laying contests never interest the man who keeps on paying out good dollars providing for a flock of hens and gets from one to two eggs a day for his labors and money.

Wonderful what a change a few buckets of paint will make in the appearance of a property; even a few dabs of paint will have a remarkable effect on the complexion of a woman.

The Fatherland pamphlet praises the captain of the Eitel Friedrich for having engaged in piracy on the high seas, which gives the public a chance to gauge the caliber of the men back of the Fatherland.

General Bernadetti, the German military authority, says Germany has no intention of invading and subduing the United States. Well, everybody in this country ought to breathe easier over that assurance.

Governor Brumbaugh is confident that the legislature will pass his local option bill, but the governor should remember the anti-local option forces use dum-dum bullets and are not

averse to attacking women and children.

Republicans desire to prevent non-partisan choice of public officials, and everybody knows that the Republican party has good reason for opposing this method of electing officials where, by honest men are chosen to do the work of the people.

With three hundred thousand dollars contributed by the hunters of the state the game commission, after deducting a large portion for the payment of salaries of officials and wardens, still ought to have money enough left to place a few dozen pheasants and quail in the woods and fields.

HYPHENATED FALSEHOOD

The Fatherland, published in New York in the interest of the German government, edited by that class of hyphenated residents who still owe allegiance to the kaiser, in its latest issue, says:

The submarine, like the airships, represents a new phase of warfare. If England is justified in treating the crews of German submarines as pirates, then Germany is justified in hanging English aeronauts. And what could Germany do with the English soldiers who, in flat defiance of all rules of warfare, use dum-dum bullets, manufactured in the United States, against the Germans?

John W. Hessian, of Connecticut, America's greatest military and sporting rifle shot and expert, dismisses the dum-dum bullet falsehood in the following language:

"I want to stamp as false the statements that the soldiers of any of the armies are using the brutal 'dum-dum' bullet. I investigated some of the complaints and some of the ammunition that was spoken of as the 'dum-dum' bullets. I found they were not. To the uninitiated the fact that some of these shells were made with soft points would tend to make it seem as though this was for purpose of making the bullet mushroom. As a matter of fact, if this was desired the soft matter would be at the middle or base of the bullet and not at the point of contact. I found that in some cases bullets had been made with aluminum points, but this was not done with the intention of having the aluminum flatten and mushroom, but rather because the peculiar shape and composition of these bullets made it necessary to have the tips of aluminum in order to keep the balance of the leaden projectile right. Otherwise they would not fly true. I will say that I found that the fighting in all respects had been as clean as war can be."

It is not expected that the hyphenated residents of the United States will accept the statements of a man who has been on the battlefields and has seen the bullets which the kaiser's friends and apologists say are dum-dums, but the American people may rest assured that Mr. Hessian is speaking the truth and that what he says is more worthy of credence than all the utterances of German military exponents or of such anti-Americans as those who control and publish the Fatherland. So bitter are the publishers of the Fatherland toward the American nation that their utterances have done more to incite American sympathy for the allies than any other thing that has developed since the war began.

BEHIND THE AGE

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer is at the head of the Pennsylvania state educational department. He has held that position many years, and judging from some of his recent statements he has outlived his usefulness. Dr. Schaeffer opposes the military training of school pupils. The aged gentleman believes that much harm will be done if the boys who go to school are taught to deport themselves after the manner of soldiers. Those who advocate military training in schools do not inderse militarism as such, but they believe that boys who receive instructions in the manual of arms will become imbued with greater love of country, give their thoughts to discipline and carry with them into life a

greater appreciation of the country in which they live.

Dr. Schaeffer declares that school children are given too many holidays. He says the school code provides for only two holidays—Christmas and the Fourth of July. The worthy but ancient educator would have the children tied down to their tasks five days a week for fifty weeks in the year if he had his way. Fortunately for the kiddies, the doctor has not his own way in the matter. Real friends of education believe that if, instead of a nine-months term with a long summer vacation, the schools were to be given a winter vacation of a month and the summer holiday were to be cut to that extent the result would be increased efficiency in the schools.

The enforced vacation or holiday resulting from the scarlet fever scare in Clearfield demonstrated the beneficial effects of a rest for the children who had been tied to their desks since Christmas. The children returned to their tasks refreshed in mind and body, prepared to resume their studies and feeling fit for the work before them. Dr. Schaeffer's idea of school holidays is not shared by parents who know the need by their children of a relaxation from study and rest from the irksomeness of school life occasionally. Parents have a way of regarding the health of their children as of more importance than the acquirement of an education at the expense of their children's health.

The state superintendent of public instruction himself is not averse to taking a holiday and getting away from his arduous duties. He is in great demand throughout the state as a lecturer. School boards and institute promoters are always pleased if they can secure Dr. Schaeffer to deliver an address at their meetings. And Dr. Schaeffer willingly accepts many of the invitations he receives from educational bodies—at from thirty dollars to fifty dollars a speech. Although the doctor receives a salary of six thousand dollars a year from the state, he does not seem to accept payment from associations and societies for telling them what he knows about education. The thrifty gentleman seems to it that his own holidays return him a neat stipend in the shape of almighty dollars.

THE OVERTURE

Then Lenten purple palls the town. The time has come for fitting To piny woods and porches down For golf and bridge and knitting. The clubs are empty—every one Who's any one's cavoring Where there's a fighting chance for fun, For folly or for sporting.

We stroll through Alimony Lane And rest in Peacock Alley; For merriment we seek in vain Where tango trotters rally. Oh, kindly devil of the grill, You warm glow on us casting, Disperse this unrelenting chill That comes from gloom and fast-ing.

The jell is on the gay calf's-foot, The pate de foie is smiling; The chic poulet is aspic put, But not for our beguiling, For us no guinea-hen saute No filet mignon flashes; We sip our barley flax frappe In sackcloth and in ashes.

Away—away—to wooded lake! Dost hear the love bird calling When laughing pussy willows shake And early buds are falling? Hid in the trees, King Pan, the gay, His harp of life is strumming A march triumphant. Clear the way! Another spring is coming!

—Kate Masterson, in Judge.

SIX SMALL SMILES

Variable Loner
"Did you ever play cards for money?"
"Yes, but I never got it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of the Same Opinion
Mildred—Don't you think Miss Elderly looks much younger in her new hat?
Helen—Indeed I do. Why, Mildred, it makes her look but very little older than she says she is.—Judge.

Adding Insult
"Why did Blanks fall in his photo business?"
"Asked his customers the first thing whether they wanted photographs or likenesses."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Will He Go?
"Don't you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Boston Sunday school teacher of the new scholar.

"No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow.
"And why not, Tommy?"
"Oh, when I die I want to go where a fellow can rest."

"Well, my boy, you can rest



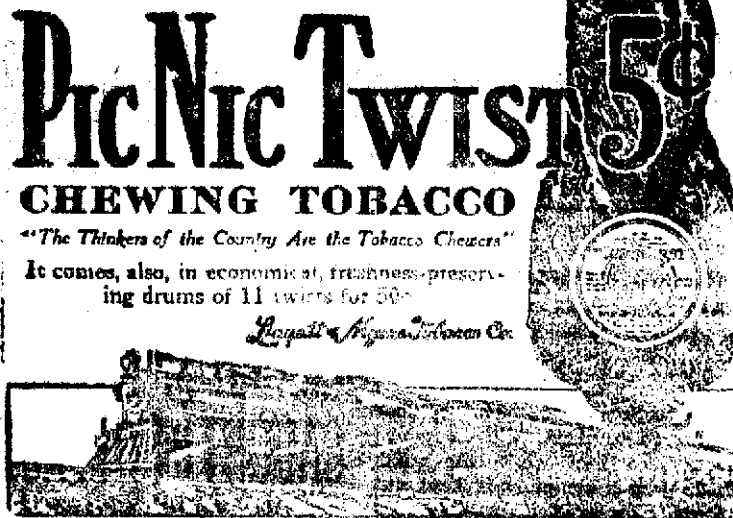
"The Thinkers of the Country Are the Tobacco Chewers"—said one of the greatest thinkers this country ever produced.

Says the Engineer:

"Did you ever think what it means to run a train—signals jumping by every minute and several hundred lives depending on you not missing one of them?"

"Well, maybe you can guess what a help it is to an engineer to find a tobacco that sharpens you up and steadies you just right without any rebound."

PICNIC TWIST is made of the mild, mellow part of the leaf. You get real satisfaction out of this mild, naturally sweet, long lasting chew, without a dark, heavy tobacco's "come back."



French Declare War on German Made Fashions

By Henry Wood
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Paris, Feb. 20. (By Mail to New York).—"Rue de la Paix—the street of peace—has just declared war. It is against the Germans."

This street, the creative center of the world's fashions, the home of the world's most famous dressmakers, the throne from which the latest dictates of sartorial elegance are meted out to womankind at large, has just discovered like most of the allies at the beginning of the war that its very existence was being threatened by the Germans.

Since the beginning of the war a minute investigation has been conducted in Paris to ascertain every business house and every line of industry in which Germans are interested. The most amazing result to date has been the discovery of the extent to which during the past few years Germans have come into control of Paris' most famous millinery houses.

Although Paris still boasts of telling the rest of the world what to wear, it was really Germans and not French who were doing the telling. Most of the Parisian millinery houses retained the French name under which they had become world-famous although it was German capital and brains that were running them. Only a few were known under the German name of their owner.

The sentiment aroused in all France against this German invasion of the field of Parisian fashion came to a climax with the Madame Bechoff scandal. Her house of Bechoff-David is in the Place Vendôme which opens out in the center of the Rue de la Paix. Having created for her "shop" a position almost without equal amongst the most exclusive and most elegant of the Parisian milliners she found it necessary to mask under a French name.

In addition, although German of the German, she had given repeated proofs of her loyalty to France. With the outbreak of the war her elegant establishment was one of the very first to be turned into a hospital for the French wounded.

All of this was forgotten and all of her position crumpled like a house of cards, however, with the arrest of Franco Desclaux, paymaster-treasurer of the entire French army, and later with her own arrest. Desclaux, it is alleged, helped himself to the more appetizing viands of the food supplies of the French army and sent them to Madame Bechoff in order that her larder might be well stocked.

there."
"But in that song we sang it said we'd all shine there. I get enough of that here—I'm a shoeblack, mum."—Exchange.

Chief Pleasure
"Do you think aeroplanes will ever be as popular as automobiles?"
"Never. You can't fly low enough to put on airs for the benefit of your pedestrian friends."—Kansas City Journal.

Willing to Please
"Now you, as superintendent of a school, object to this saloon and dance hall?"
"I do."

ed against any possible food famine at Paris.

This was the last straw which brought about definite action by the syndicate of Parisian dressmakers—probably the wealthiest and most elegant syndicate in the world. All Germans who in the past have succeeded in getting into the organization are to be expelled at once no matter how long they have been in the little trade mark of the syndicate which alone can guarantee all that the word "Parisian" means in matters of dress.

To the United Press correspondent, M. Aime-Montaille, president of the syndicate, has just detailed some of the havoc that is asserted to have been wrought in the dressmaking field in Paris by the German invasion.

"While the proprietors of these houses in Paris have as a rule in the past been naturalized French citizens, they have never felt that duty towards France which we native born citizens naturally feel. They have never hesitated to take advantage of any privileges accorded to them by the fact that they were German origin to the detriment not only of the Parisian houses owned by French proprietors, but even to the detriment of our national French industries."

"One such house for example made it a practice to copy all new silk designs, send them to Germany to be made up, and then bring them back into France and sell them as genuine French silks. Not only were they inferior in quality, but the prices at which they could be made in Germany from designs originated by us, enabled such houses to ruin all competition."

"Still another abuse which developed from the German invasion of the Parisian millinery field has just been discovered. An immense German syndicate had planned to establish at Amsterdam a fashion center which they hoped to make rival that of Paris. The managers of the houses to be opened there were to be selected from men who had served as managers in various Parisian houses. Those houses were then to be advertised as branches of the Paris house and the creations sold as though they were real Parisian creations."

"These are only a few of the reasons why it has been necessary for our syndicate to begin open warfare on everything German that is in any way connected with the world of fashion and dress designing at Paris."

"And why do you object?"
"On account of the establishment's proximity."
"Well, if they agree to cut that out every night at 11 o'clock, will that satisfy you?"—Exchange.

Germany uses almost twice as many post cards for domestic correspondence as any other nation. Japan is second and the United States third.

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UNIVERSAL

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IN NEW WAR SONG
(By United Press)

London, Mar. 4. (By Mail to New York).—"Sister Susie" has a rival. Jack Newirth who introduced this popular tongue-twister to London music hall audiences, is now persuading them to join him in singing "Mother's sitting knitting little mittens for the navy."
Bertha's busy bathing baby Belgian refugees.
Sandra's charming little making journey for the Germans.
Oh what busy bees, all sewing, oh so busy.
Maggie's Mill and Mand are making mufflers for the soldiers.
While Winnie winds the wool when they begin.
Sister Susie's knitting socks and Sadio's sewing shirts for soldiers.
Still poor papa props his pants up with a pin."

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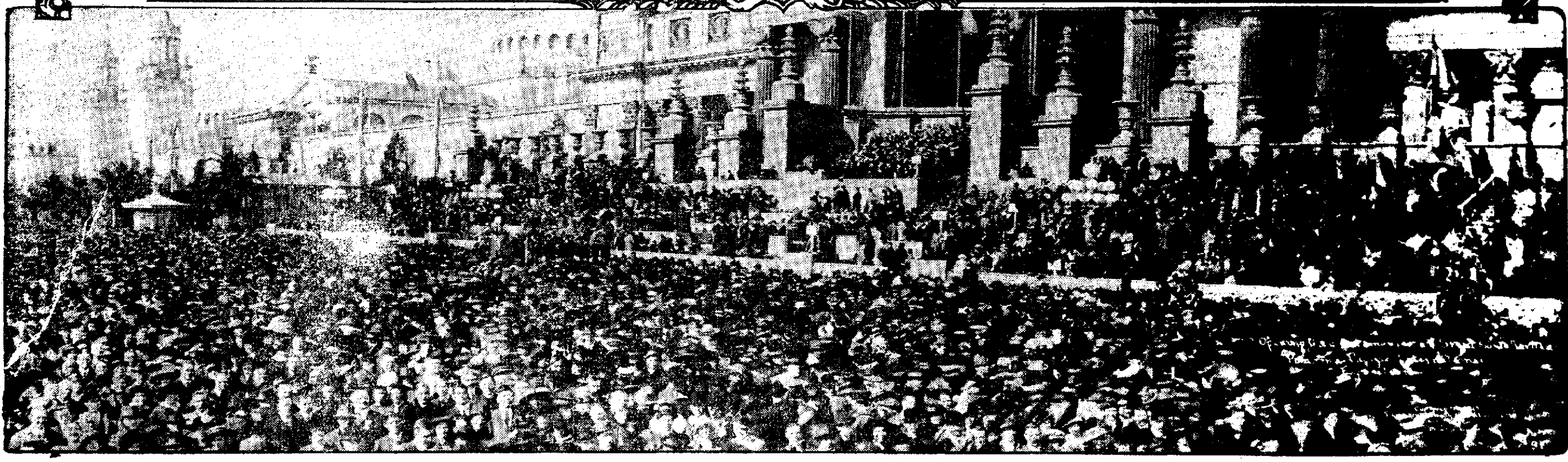
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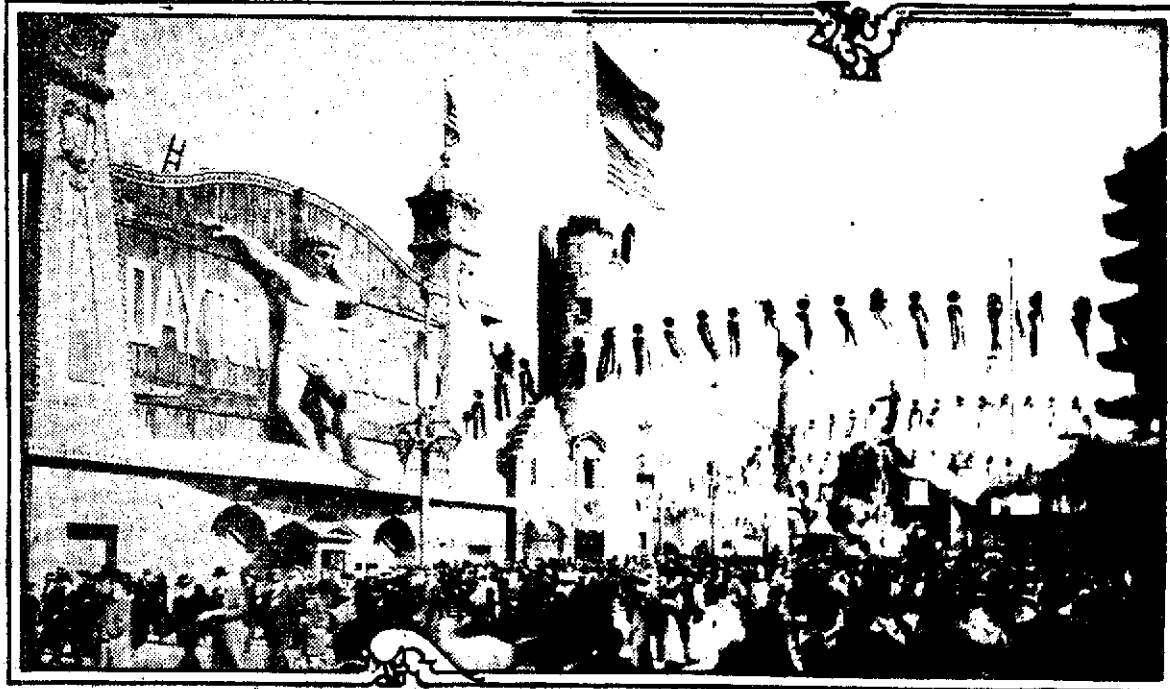
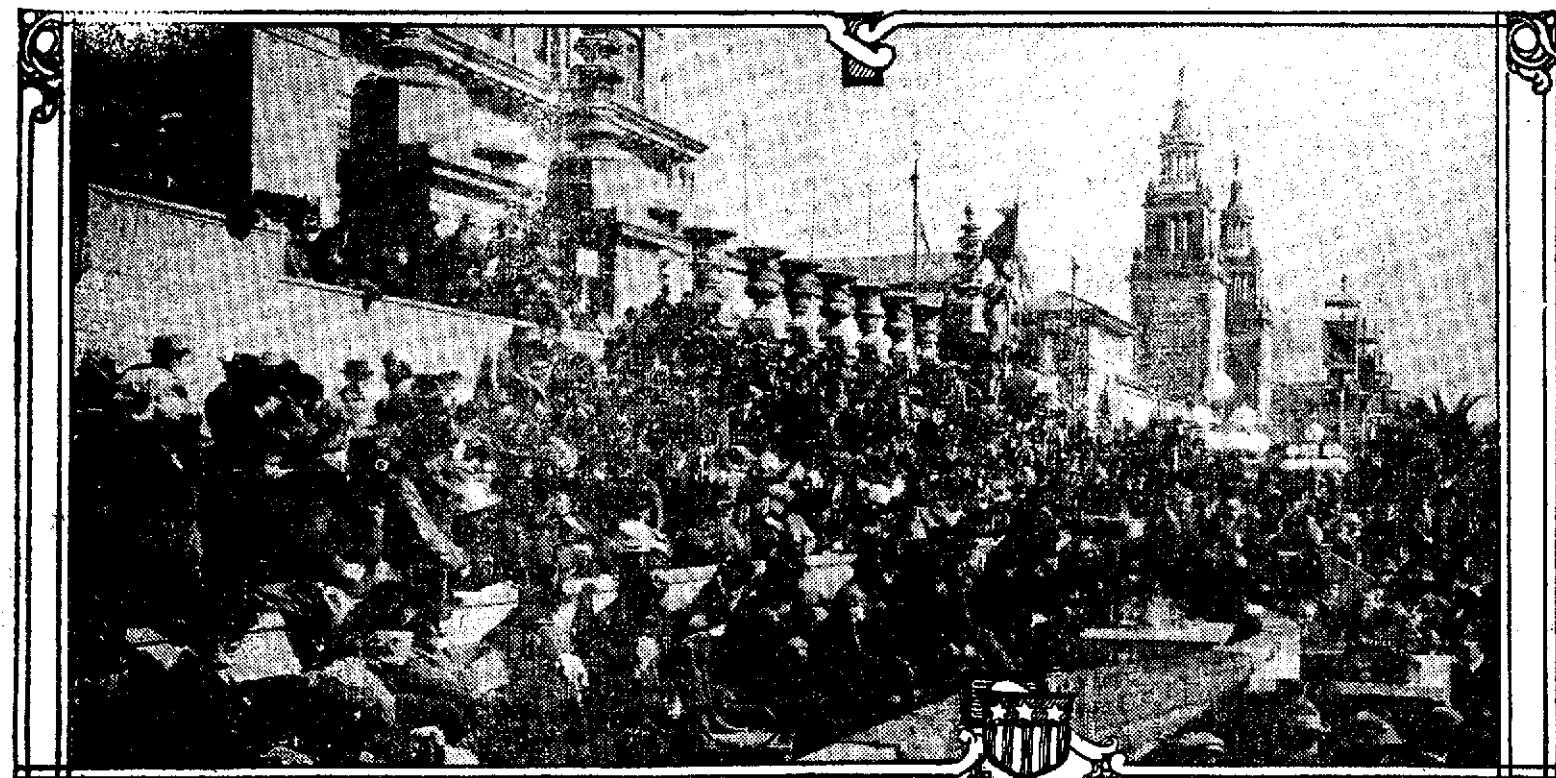
THE CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK
"The Bank of Service"

A black and white photograph showing a massive crowd of people gathered in front of the Lincoln Memorial. The Washington Monument is visible in the background on the right side. The image is framed by a decorative border at the bottom.



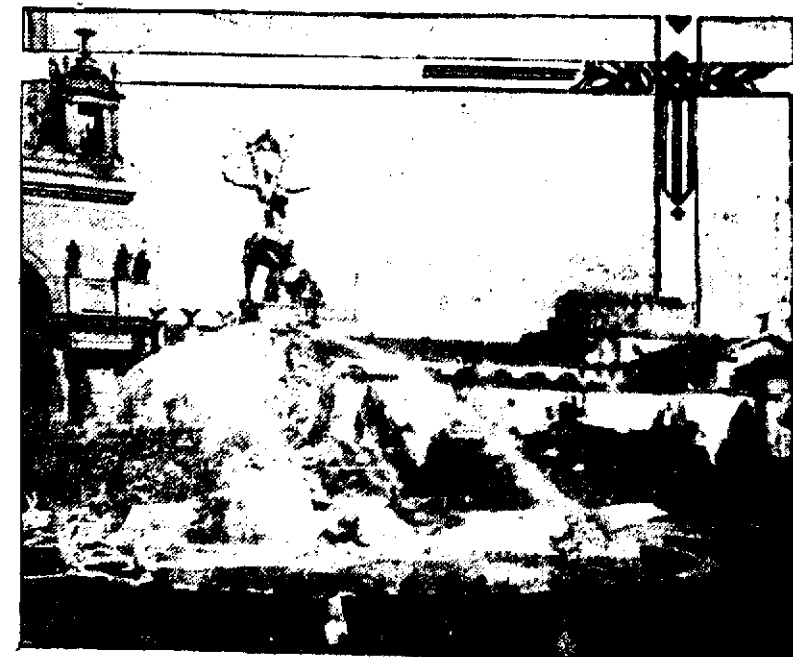
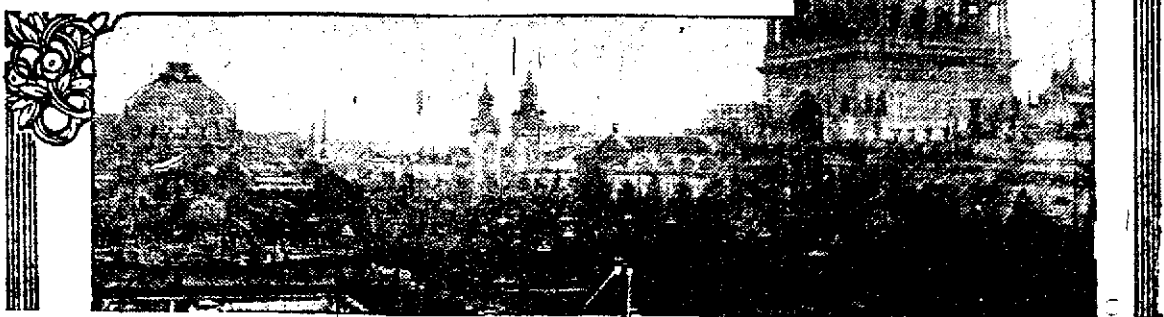
THIS remarkable panoramic photograph reproduced in two sections, one half above the other, shows the great throng that gathered on the opening day of Exposition, Saturday, Feb. 20. The crowd was not only the greatest ever brought together in the west, but in all time it broke all previous exhibition attendance records. The grounds were thronged with visitors from every part of the globe, and the big attraction of the day was the energy, the Lord of the Inhuman Way. The figure of Energy is mounted on a spirited steed. Beneath the figure of Energy in the basin below may be seen the figure of a walrus, representing the North sea, the other figures in the basin representing the South sea and the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The next figure in the line is the White Star building, headquarters of the Travelers Bureau, a city. Almost in the center of the panorama appears the huge glass dome of the Palace of Horticulture, 135 feet in height and 105 feet in diameter. Next, at the left in the lower photograph, come the main exhibit palaces and the temporary grand stand erected for the opening day exercises. The figures of the President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, standing in the center of the crowd, are seen in the foreground. Mr. Lane, acting in behalf of President Wilson; President Charles C. Moore of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Dr. Frederick D. A. Shift, director in chief, accompanied by the thirty Exposition directors, welcomed the vast throng that assembled in Van Ness avenue and its lateral streets. The throng was headed by the band of the Marine Corps, followed by the band of the United States Army, and the band of the United States Navy. The throng walked on foot through the streets of the city and into the Exposition grounds, though the street car service was not permitted to enter the grounds to the grand stand. The exhibit palaces were crowded with tens of thousands of visitors who were so attracted by the exhibits that they would not come out.

Opening Day on The Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



OPENING day, Feb. 20, vast crowds thronged The Zone, the amusement and concessions section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The Dayton Flood is shown on the left, the Chinese Village and Toyland Grown Up on the right. The opening day was marked by the most striking manifestations of enthusiasm ever known in the west.

Fountain of Energy When President Wilson Opened the Panama-Pacific Exposition.



The BLACK BOX

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

FIRST INSTALLMENT

"SANFORD QUEST, CRIMINOLOGIST."

The young man from the West had arrived in New York only that afternoon, and his cousin, town born and bred, had already embarked upon the task of showing him the great city. They occupied a table in a somewhat insignificant corner of one of New York's most famous roof garden restaurants. The place was crowded with diners. There were many notable figures to be pointed out. The town young man was very busy.

"Tell me," the country cousin inquired, "who is the man at a table by himself? The waiter speak to him as though he were a little god. Is he a millionaire, or a judge, or what?"

"You're in luck, Alfred," the New Yorker declared. "That's the most interesting man in New York—one of the most interesting in the world. That's Sanford Quest."

"Who's he?"

"Sanford Quest is the greatest master in criminology the world has ever known. He is a magician, a scientist, the Pierpont Morgan of his profession."

"Say, do you mean that he is a detective?"

"Yes," he said simply. "You can call him that—just in the same way that you could call Napoleon a soldier or Lincoln a statesman. He is a detective, if you like to call him that, the master detective in the world."

When Sanford Quest entered his house an hour later he glanced into two of the rooms on the ground floor, in which telegraph and telephone operators sat at their instruments. Then, by means of a small lift, he ascended to the top story and entered a large apartment wrapped in gloom until, as he crossed the threshold, he touched the switches of the electric lights. One realized then that this was a man of taste. Quest drew up an easy chair to the wide-plunging window, touching a bell as he crossed the room. In a few moments the door was opened and closed noiselessly. A young woman entered with a bundle of papers.

The criminologist glanced through the papers quickly. "No further inquiries, Laura?"

She left the room almost noiselessly.

"THE TENEMENT HOUSE MYSTERY."

CHAPTER I.

"This habit of becoming late for breakfast," Lady Ashleigh remarked, as she sat down the coffee pot, "is growing upon your father. Any news, dear?"

Ella glanced up from a pile of correspondence through which she had been looking a little negligently.

"None at all, mother. My correspondence is just the usual sort of rubbish—invitations and gossip. Such a lot of invitations, by the bye."

"At your age," Lady Ashleigh declared, "that is the sort of correspondence which you should find interesting."

"You know I am not like that, mother," she protested. "My music is really the only part of life which absolutely appeals to me. Oh, why doesn't Delaney make up his mind and let father know, as he promised! . . . Here comes daddy, mum."

Lord Ashleigh loitered for a moment to raise the covers from the dishes upon a side table. Afterwards he seated himself at the table.

"I heard this morning," he said, "from your friend Delaney, Ella. He went into the matter very fully. The substance of it is that for the first year of your musical training he advises New York."

"I have not finished yet. This cablegram," he went on, drawing a little slip of blue paper from his pocket, "was brought to me this morning—"

He smoothed it out before him and read:

To Lord Ashleigh, Hamelin House, Dorset, England: I find a magnificent program arranged for at Metropolitan Opera house this year. I have decided to supplement your daughter's engaged the best professor in the world, and secured an apartment at the Leland, our most select and comfortable residential hotel. Understand your brother is still in South America, returning early spring, but will do our best to make your daughter's year of study as pleasant as possible. Advise her sail on Saturday by Mauritania.

"On Saturday?" Ella almost screamed.

"I shall now," Lord Ashleigh said, "leave you to talk over and discuss this matter for the rest of the day. At dinner time tonight you can tell me your decision, or rather we will discuss it together."

CHAPTER II.

"I am to take it, I believe," Lord Ashleigh began after dinner that evening, "that you have finally decided, Ella, to embrace our friend Delaney's suggestion and to leave us Saturday?"

"If you please," Ella murmured, with glowing eyes.

"You will take your own maid with you, of course," Lord Ashleigh continued. "Laura is a good girl and I am sure she will look after you quite well, but I have decided to supplement her with a servant. I have decided to have a sort of out-of-door general attendant—whom to you think? Well, Macdougall. He has lived in New York for some years, and you will doubtless find this a great advantage. Ella?"

discreetly in the background. Her eyes rested upon the pale, expressionless face of the man who during the last few years had enjoyed her father's confidence.

For a moment a queer sense of apprehension troubled her. Was it true, she wondered, that she did not like the man? She banished the thought almost as soon as it was conceived.

"You are spoiling me, daddy," Ella sighed.

"If you think so now," he remarked, "I do not know what you will say to me presently."

He laid upon the table a very familiar morocco case, stamped with a coronet.

"Our diamonds!" Ella exclaimed. "The Ashleigh diamonds!"

The necklace lay exposed to view, the wonderful stones flashing in the subdued light.

"In New York," Lord Ashleigh continued, "it is the custom to wear jewelry in public more, even, than in this country. Allow me!"

He leaned forward. With long, capable fingers he fastened the necklace around his daughter's neck.

"It is our farewell present to you," Lord Ashleigh declared.

Ella, impelled by some curious impulse which she could not quite understand, glanced quickly around to where the manservant was standing. For once she saw something besides



"Our Diamonds!" She Exclaimed. "The Ashleigh Diamonds!"

the perfect automaton. His eyes, instead of being fixed at the back of his master's chair, were simply riveted upon the stones. A queer little feeling of uneasiness disturbed Ella for the moment. It passed, however, as in glancing away her attention was once more attracted by the sparkle of the jewels upon her bosom.

CHAPTER III.

The streets of New York were covered with a thin, powdery snow as the very luxurious car of Mrs. Delaney drew up outside the front of the Leland hotel, a little after midnight. Ella leaned over and kissed her hostess.

"Thank you, dear, ever so much, for your delightful dinner," she exclaimed, "and for bringing me home. As for the music, well, I can't talk about it. I am just going upstairs into my room to sit and think."

The car rolled off. Ella, a large umbrella held over her head by the doorman, stepped up the little strip of drugget which led into the softly warmed hall of the Leland. Behind her came her maid, Lenora, and Macdougall, who had been riding on the box with the chauffeur. He paused for a moment to wipe the snow from his clothes as Ella crossed the hall to the left. Lenora turned toward him. He whispered something in her ear. For a moment she shook. Then she turned away and followed her mistress upstairs.

Arrived in her apartment, Ella threw herself with a little sigh of content into a big easy-chair before the fire and gave herself up for a few moments to reverie.

A log stirred upon the fire. She leaned forward lazily to replace it and then stopped short. Exactly opposite to her was a door which opened on to a back hall. It was used only by the servants. Just as she was in the act of leaning forward Ella became conscious of a curious hallucination.

"Lenora, come here at once."

The maid hurried in from the next room. Ella pointed to the door.

"Lenora, look outside. See if anyone is on that landing. I fancied that the door opened."

Lenora crossed the room and tried the handle. Then she turned towards her mistress in triumph.

"It is locked, my lady," she reported.

"Go down and ask Macdougall to come up. I am going to have this thing explained."

Something of her mistress' agitation seemed to have become communicated to Lenora.

She walked quickly to the back part of the hotel and ascended to the wing in which the servants' quarters were situated. Here she made her way along a corridor until she reached Macdougall's room. She knocked, and Macdougall came.

She tried the door and found it was locked. Then she returned to the lift and descended once more to the floor upon which her mistress' apartments were situated. She opened the door

turned at once to the sitting room.

"I am sorry, my lady," she began. "Then she stopped short. The lift boy, who had had a little trouble with his starting apparatus and had not as yet descended, heard the scream which broke from her lips, and a fireman in an adjacent corridor came running up almost at the same moment. Lenora was on her knees by her mistress' side. Ella was still lying in the easy-chair in which she had been seated, but her head was thrown back in an unnatural fashion. There was a red mark just across her throat.

Lenora shrieked, "She's faint!" And the diamonds—the diamonds have gone!"

A doctor, hurriedly summoned, had just completed a hasty examination when a police inspector, followed by a detective, entered.

"This is your sister, gentlemen, not mine," the doctor said gravely. "The young lady is dead. She has been cruelly strangled within the last five or ten minutes."

The inspector made a careful examination of the room.

"Tell me," he inquired, "is this the young lady who owned the wonderful Ashleigh diamonds?"

"They're gone!" Lenora shrieked. "They've been stolen! She was wearing them when I left the room!"

The inspector turned to the telephone.

"Mr. Marham," he said, "I am afraid this will be a difficult affair. I am going to take the liberty of calling in an expert. That you, exchange? I want number one New York city—Mr. Sanford Quest."

CHAPTER IV.

There seemed to be nothing at all original in the methods pursued by the great criminologist when confronted with this tableau of death and robbery. His remarks to the inspector were few and perfunctory. He asked only a few laconic questions of Macdougall and Lenora, who were summoned to his presence.

Macdougall then turned to leave the room. Lenora was about to follow, but Quest signed to her to remain.

"I should like to have a little conversation with you about your mistress," he said to her pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I will ask you to accompany me in my car. I will send the man back with you."

She descended to the lift together and Quest handed the girl into his car. They drove quickly through the silent streets.

In a few minutes Lenora was installed in an easy chair in Quest's sitting-room.

"Lean back and make yourself comfortable," Quest invited, as he took a chair opposite to her. "I must just look through these papers."

The girl did as she was told. She opened her coat. The room was delightfully warm almost overheard. A sense of rest crept over her. She was conscious that Quest had laid down the letters which he had been intending to read. His eyes were fixed upon her. There was a queer new feeling creeping through her veins.

Quest's voice broke an unnatural silence.

"You are anxious to telephone someone," he said. "You looked at both the booths as we came through the hotel. Then you remembered I think that he would not be there yet. Telephone now. The telephone is at your right hand. You know the number?"

She obeyed almost at once.

"Number 708, New York city."

"You will ask," Quest continued, "whether he is all right whether the jewels are safe."

There was a brief silence then the girl's voice.

"Are you there, James? . . . Yes, I am Lenora. Are you safe? Have you the jewels? . . . Where? . . . You are sure that you are safe? . . . No, nothing fresh has happened? . . . You are at the hotel? Quest said softly. "You are going to him?"

"I cannot sleep," she continued. "I am coming to you."

She set down the receiver. Quest leaned a little more closely over her.

"You know where the jewels are hidden," he said. "Tell me where?"

Her lips quivered. She made no answer.

"Very good," Quest concluded. "You need not tell me. Only remember this: At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will bring those jewels to this apartment. . . . Rest quietly now. I want you to go to sleep."

She obeyed without hesitation. Quest watched for a moment, her regular breathing. Then he touched a bell by his side. Laura entered almost at once.

Together they carried the sleeping girl out of the room into a larger apartment. A single electric light was burning on the top of a square mirror fixed upon an easel. Towards this they carried the girl and laid her in an easy chair almost opposite to it.

"The battery is just on the left," Laura whispered.

Quest nodded.

"Give me the band."

She turned away for a moment and disappeared in the shadows. When she returned, she carried a curved band of flexible steel. Quest took it from her, attached it by means of a coil of wire to the battery, and with firm, soft fingers slipped it on to Lenora's forehead. Then he stepped back.

"She's a subject, Laura—I'm sure of it! Now for our great experiment!"

They watched Lenora intently.

"Lenora," Quest said, slowly and firmly, "your mind is full of one subject. You see your mistress in her chair by the bedside. She is toying with her diamonds. Look again. She lies there dead! Who was it entered the room, Lenora? Look! Look! Gaze into that mirror. What do you see there?"

The girl's eyes had opened. They were fixed now upon the mirror—distended, full of unsteady things.

"Try harder, Lenora," he muttered, his own breath laboring. "It is there in your brain! Look!"

For a single second the smooth surface of the mirror was obscured. A room crept dimly like a picture into

being back in her chair. A door in the background opened. A man stole out. He crept nearer to the girl—his eyes fixed upon the diamonds, a thin, silver cord twisted round his wrist. Suddenly she saw him—too late! His hand was upon her lips, his face seemed to start almost from the mirror—then blackness!

Lenora opened her eyes. She was still in the easy-chair before the fire.

"Mr. Quest!" she faltered. He looked up from some letters which he had been studying.

"I am so sorry," he said politely. "I really had forgotten that you were here. But you know—that you have been to sleep?"

"Can I go now?" she asked.

"Certainly," Quest replied. "To tell you the truth, I find that I shall not need to ask you those questions, after all. A messenger from the police station has been here. He says they have come to the conclusion that a very well-known gang of New York criminals are in this thing. We know how to track them down all right."

"I may go now, then?" she repeated, with immense relief.

Quest escorted the girl downstairs, opened the front door, blew his whistle and his car pulled up at the door.

"Take this young lady," he ordered, "wherever she wishes. Good-night!"

The girl drove off. Quest watched the car disappear around the corner. Then he turned slowly and made preparations for his adventure.

"Number 708, New York," he muttered, half an hour later, as he left his house. "Beyond Fourteenth street—a tough neighborhood."

He hesitated for a moment, feeling the articles in his overcoat pocket—a revolver in one, a small piece of hard substance in the other. Then he stepped into his car, which had just returned.

"Where did you leave the young lady?" he asked the chauffeur.

"In Broadway, sir. She left me and boarded a cross-town car."

Quest nodded approvingly.

"No fence," he sighed.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentiments or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had



just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-muttered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his hand. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness.

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his head deranged, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The face of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply.

"You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded.

"You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have got an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect abomination," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only six feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to

dusty but unhurt, and touched a comfortable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Get your man to bring me here," Quest explained "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his room.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.

"Some coffee, inspector?"

"I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table.

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?"

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

He turned around and addressed the figure lying as though asleep upon the sofa by the fire.

"Lenora," he said, "I am going out. Stay here, if you please, until I return."

He left the room. For a few moments there was a profound silence. Then a white face was pressed against the window. There was a crash of glass. A man entered with snow upon his head and a look of wild excitement in his eyes. He moved swiftly to the door, and out he went, black and white as a ghost.

"So young and so brave," he murmured, "I must have been a little disappointed, and given me the diamonds, Quest. Anything to say?"

Macdougall leaned forward, his white face distorted with passion. The blood rushed to his eyes. He gripped the man by the arm, and crashed it upon the bed.

The man staggered back. The window had been shattered. The snow had fallen upon his head. He was bleeding upon his head, no longer a human being. He looked again. Then the light came out all around him. There were two men standing in the doorway, their revolvers cocked, their eyes fixed upon Quest, with Lenora in the background. In the middle of the room, Macdougall, his head bowed, almost to his knees, he had wasted his fury upon a dummy!

"Take him, great!" Quest ordered. "Hands up, Macdougall! Your number's up."

The handcuffs were upon him before he could move.

"What about the young woman?" the inspector asked.

Lenora stood in an attitude of despair, her head downcast. She had turned a little away from Macdougall. Her hands were outstretched. It was as though she were expecting the handcuffs.

"You can let her alone," Sanford Quest said quietly. "A wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and besides I need her. She is going to work for me."

Macdougall was already at the door between the two detectives. He swung around. His voice was calm, almost clear—calm with concentration of hatred.

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Sanford Quest," he said. "Make the most of your triumph. Your time is nearly up, there is one coming whose wit and cunning, science and skill are all-conquering. He will brush you away, Sanford Quest, like a fly. Wait a few weeks."

"You interest me," Quest murmured. "Tell me some more about this great master?"

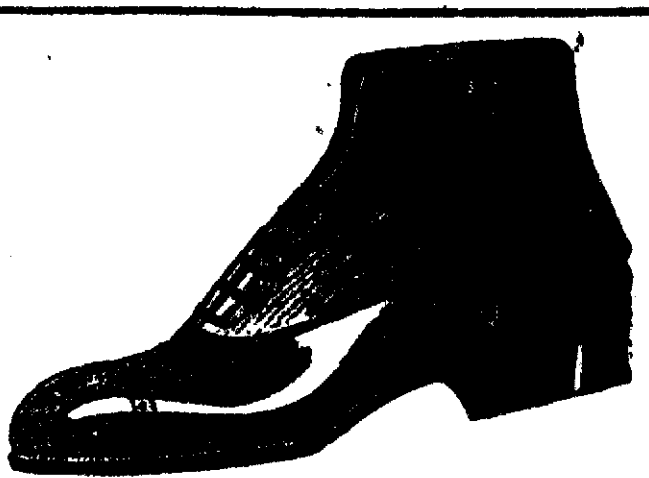
"I shall tell you nothing," Macdougall replied. "You will hear nothing, you will know nothing. Suddenly you will find yourself opposed. You will struggle—and then the end. It is certain."

They led him away. Only Lenora remained, sobbing. Quest went up to her.

"You've had a rough time, Lenora," he said, with strange gentleness. "Perhaps the brighter days are coming."

Here is some of the very late styles we are showing in patent leather with either fawn or gray c'o'h tops in both button and lace

\$3.50 and \$4.00



Men's Shoes in all the latest styles and the finest and largest assortment we have ever had, and in all leathers and all styles from \$3.50 to \$5.00
A special lot of Boys' \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes are now on sale at \$1.98
A lot of Women's \$3.50 and \$4.00 Shoes at \$2.98
Men's Work Shoes, all kinds, from \$1.98 to \$5.00

Brown's Boot Shop
Clearfield, Penn.

AN OLD RECIPE TO DARKEN HAIR

Sage Tea and Sulphur Turns Gray, Faded Hair Dark and Glossy.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when that streaked or gray hair ends dawn out in baldness and thinning. Sage Tea is the only way to get this natural, rich, and healthy hair, which is dark and glossy.

Nowadays we don't get any more of the old Sage Tea and Sulphur, but we can get a good substitute. It is called "Sage Tea and Sulphur" and it is the only way to get this natural, rich, and healthy hair, which is dark and glossy.

It is the only way to get this natural, rich, and healthy hair, which is dark and glossy. It is the only way to get this natural, rich, and healthy hair, which is dark and glossy.

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Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1915

Miss Arline Koozer, of Altoona, is visiting friends in town.

H. D. McKeenan, of Berwinesdale, spent yesterday in town.

Newton Dean, of Lumber city, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Matt LaBarre at her home on Pine street.

Miss B. M. Courson returned from Philadelphia, where she spent the week end with friends, this morning.

Mrs. D. L. Krebs has returned from Philadelphia where she spent the past few weeks.

Miss Josephine Muffey returned yesterday from a visit with relatives in Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Valsah, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

H. B. Powell will return from Shamokin tomorrow, where he has been attending the Methodist conference.

Master George Dimeling and daughters, Katherine and Dorothy, have returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Carrie McGaughey and niece Miss Beniah McCarty, are spending the week in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Roth, of Altoona, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. McQuillen, at their home on Second street.

Potter Walker, of Karthaus, spent Sunday with A. P. Walker on McBride street.

C. H. Folmsbee, physical director at the Y. M. C. A., has returned from a visit with relatives at Gloversville, N. Y.

Miss Alice Mossop is spending the week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. W. Nale, of DuBois, is the guest of Clearfield friends.

Mrs. Fred Rollin left yesterday for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will visit her brother, Prof. Grant Smith, and spend two months at the Panama exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Royce S. Whiteman, Jr., are visiting friends in DuBois.

Mrs. William Henry Dill and daughter, Mrs. Anna Dill Phoe, are the guests of Mrs. Alexander Dill, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Moore of Nichols street, returned from a visit to friends in Jersey Shore.

Miss Anna Wilson, who has been sick and unable to leave her home, is feeling much better today.

Miss Lillian Hall visited Clearfield last night and left for her home in Philadelphia.

Miss Lillian B. Mignot has moved to a new home on the second floor, opposite the post office, and is prepared to attend to the wants of Clearfield ladies.

Mrs. Mignot is an expert in hair dressing, shampooing, singeing, and waving, facial massage, and treatment and manicuring. Or call on H. & C. phone 214-10.

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CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Mrs. G. A. Weber and daughter spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Earl Clark spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Alice Kirk has returned from a several weeks visit in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sempel Barber and daughter spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Mrs. S. C. Wilson has returned from Coalport, where she spent Sunday.

T. F. Weber, of Punxsutawney, is visiting in Curwensville.

Mrs. Arnold Bloom spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

D. R. Fleming transacted business in Clearfield yesterday afternoon.

R. R. Robinson spent this afternoon in DuBois transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fross left today for Bradford, where Mr. Fross will attend the meetings for B. R. & P. agents.

Mrs. Abe Robinson spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

F. E. Clawson, of the freight department of the B. R. & P. railroad, transacted business in Curwensville today.

Mothers' meeting of the W. C. T. U. at the Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon, March 25. Subject: "The Religious Training of Boys."

Mrs. Adam Wilson, of Allport, is visiting at the home of A. B. Dunsmore, of Meadow avenue.

W. K. Wrigley spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

GOODRICH CORD TIRES
SMASH NON-STOP RECORD

Goodrich Silvertown cord tires have broken another record.

The latest feat of these cord construction tires is the carrying of a Maxwell, which set a new record of 305 miles without a stop at the San Diego races in January. More remarkable still, the car that made the record on Silvertown had a gallon of gasoline left in its tank at the end of the race.

Billy Carlson, the speed boy who made the non-stop record on Silvertown, says it was the cord construction of his tires which enabled him to go 305 miles without a stop, and which also enabled him to make the record with a gallon to spare.

The remarkable resiliency and lack of resistance to the road, which are qualities produced by the cord construction make these tires develop more power at the wheel. Averages from countless tests have shown that these tires increase engine efficiency 15 per cent and reduce gasoline consumption 25 per cent.

Carlson's feat at San Diego heats records set by E. L. Pullen in a Mercer in last August, and by Burney Midfield in a Maxwell at the Corona races last November. The previous record was 301 miles without a stop.

The wonderful durability and enormous strength of Goodrich Silvertown cord tires was shown in the San Diego race when three cars started with Goodrich Silvertown Tire equipment and not one of them had to make a tire change.

The Point Loma course at San Diego is a tough one, with many sharp turns, which put extra strains on tires.

GERMAN SPIES ARE CAUGHT IN THE ACT AND "DISAPPEAR"

(Continued From Page One)

undoing of Dimiello, a fine long-haired animal which of all the stray dogs which made their homes in the trenches, had the most friends among the men. But the collie liked Dimiello best. We found out afterward that Dimiello used to save his food and even go hungry himself in order to keep himself high in the collie's good will. How Dimiello over trained the dog to go to the German trenches from ours, we were never able to figure out, but we first suspected Dimiello when we saw him lift the dog to the edge of our trench and send him on his way by throwing a stone towards the German lines, which were only one hundred and fifty feet distant.

The Dog Came Back

When the dog came back that night, a sentry caught him and searched him. Under his collar was a nap which Dimiello had drawn with a note written in German, "We don't understand this map. Can't you make it plainer?" The sentry put the note back in place and let the dog go to Dimiello's sub-way hut. Two men were watching Dimiello when the dog entered. Dimiello put his finger under the dog's collar, pulled out the note, and began to read it when the men jumped upon him.

A Cool Prisoner

Dimiello was very cool about it, but he knew that his end had come. He was taken away and sentenced to death by a court martial. Luckily the firing squad was not chosen from among the men in our trench. The officers paraded him before us as an example. He kept his head high and seemed satisfied with what he had done for his country. Then they took him away somewhere to die.

But the next day we were forced to perform several executions, that were harder for some of the men, I think, than shooting their old trenchmate would have been.

An Unwelcome Order

"Kill all of the dogs in your trenches," ran the new command. I think some of the men who had made pets of stray dogs, wept the night the order came. One fellow I know slept with his dog that night. We couldn't kill the dogs in cold blood; we were acquainted with them, just as we were with each other. They had been the bright spots in our muddy, drab lives. Many and dirty as they were, we were little cleaner; when there wasn't a smile left on our faces, during the rainy or extra dangerous days, there was always a sparkle in the eyes of the trench dogs, and they were always ready to play.

Executed by Shooting

But we had to kill them. O Portuguese who loved a little white fox terrier, discovered the easiest way. He threw a stone out of the trench; the little fellow went after it and just as he was picking it up in his mouth, about a dozen of our rifles blazed at him and over he went. We made believe to ourselves that we had been shooting at the Germans and that "Poopoo" had been killed by accident. So our six dog friends went into eternity that day, laying themselves down among the bodies of the dead soldiers and dying deaths that we ourselves might meet at any time.

"A dog can't expect a better death than his master," said the Portuguese with tears welling in his eyes.

No soldier in all this great war has found a harder thing to do than we had that day when the dogs were sentenced to die.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

On and after April 1, 1915, the prices of work in all barber shops in Clearfield borough will be as follows:

Hair cut.....25 cents

Hair shave.....25 cents

Face massage.....25 cents

Head massage.....25 cents

Head shampoo.....25 cents

Beard trimming.....15 cents

Shave.....10 cents

Toilet water.....5 cents

Hot towel after shave.....5 cents

Hair tonic.....10 and 15 cents

Witch hazel steam.....10 cents

Crude oil treatment.....50 cents

Razor honing.....50 cents

Call to shave about town.....50 cents

Call to cut hair and shave about town.....75 cents

Call to hospital.....\$1.00

Closing Hours

8 o'clock P. M. everyday except Saturday.

10 o'clock P. M. Saturday.

The following days will be observed as holidays: Christmas, Fourth of July. Shops will be closed all day and remain open the night before until 10 P. M., except when the holiday falls on a Saturday or Monday, when the shops will close the night before at 8 P. M. and keep open until noon on the holiday. These holidays will be observed as half holidays. Memorial Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day. All shops will open for business at 7:30 A. M. sharp.

By order of

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

TODAY'S ODDEST STORY

(By United Press)

Danville, Ky., March 23.—Because he thought a train, the first he had ever seen, a "huge varmint" charging down upon him, George Mason heaved a rock at the "Royal Palm" on the Queen and Crescent route near here. Ray Fagan, of Sandusky, O., who happened to be in the path of the missile, sustained a slight scalp wound.

"I thought the god darn thing was one of them monsters you see in the picture books," Mason told the police. "I never seen one of 'em afore, and I was so durned scared, I jest lammed a rock right at the pesky thing."

Mason was so emphatic in relating the motives that actuated him that the officers released him.

MIGRATORY BIRD ACT
DECLARED TO BE ILLEGAL

Topeka, Kan., March 23.—The migratory bird law was declared unconstitutional by Judge Pollock in the United States district court Saturday.

Judge Pollock held congress had no jurisdiction over game in any states, and that separate states only had the right to enact laws for regulation or protection of game.

The decision was in the case of George L. McCulloch, a banker of Galena, Kan., and two companions, arrested on complaint of the United States district attorney for shooting ducks out of season.

ANCIENT WRITING.

The History of Man Began When an Alphabet Was Devised.

Perhaps the most valuable invention after the making of languages was that of writing, says a writer in "Student's Investigations." Picture writing was the first used by primitive men, such as was still used by the Indian tribes of the new world.

The characters in this system of writing were pictures of objects very crude in art, as for instance the picture of the eye, to indicate the organ of sight, and then again symbols for ideas were drawn, such as a picture of an arc, representing the sky and wavy lines beneath, thus indicating rain. This system of representing ideas and objects, which is the most natural to man, is known as ideographic, and the signs are called ideograms.

When the picture writer used symbols to represent the sounds of the human voice—that is, words and not objects or ideas—he took a great step in perfecting the system of writing. When symbols are used to represent words the ideogram becomes a phonogram, and the writing is called phonetic or sound writing. The Babylonians and Assyrians used characters to represent syllables instead of words, thus reducing the number of signs used in their writing to a few hundred. When characters or symbols are used to represent syllables they are called syllabic phonograms, and a collection of such signs is called a syllabary.

But still this system was clumsy, and a final step was taken in the making of an alphabet, the symbols being used to represent elementary sounds of the human voice instead of syllables. The symbols then became true letters, a collection of which is called the alphabet, the writing alphabet. When and where the first alphabet was made is not known, but several Semitic tribes were in possession of an alphabet as early as the ninth century B. C. It may truthfully be said that the history of man begins here, for without an alphabet records, dates, names and events could not have been recorded and preserved for us.

To Prevent Cheese Molding.

A good way to prevent cheese from molding is to wrap it in a cloth wrung out in vinegar and then in paper.

Mrs. Marian Rigler announces that she has opened a studio in the New Mossop building where she will receive pupils for vocal instructions.

Miss Rigler will be glad to discuss method, training, terms, etc., with anyone that is interested. For appointment call Bell Phone 122-R. H. & C. Phone 326.

Make Our Store Your Headquarters

If you are particular about the way your clothes are cleaned and pressed and repaired.

It pleases us to please you, so we overlook nothing in our desire to satisfy you.

May we have the opportunity to convince you.

Call Us H & C 104 We'll Call

Allen & Bartholomew Dry Cleaners

Mark Twain

on being asked how many cigars he smoked in a day, answered that he never kept books on his habits, but he always observed two rules in smoking—

First—Never to smoke while sleeping, and

Second—To smoke nothing but a pure tobacco cigar.

The Second rule can be adhered to strictly by smoking

Citizen's Club Cigars

No dope or flavoring used in their manufacture

For Sale here exclusively by

C. M. RHINE,

Clearfield, Pa.

TAXI?

CALL

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

Special Sale

Home Salted Peanuts

EVERY SATURDAY

WOOD'S STORE

10 N. Third St. Clearfield

PRZEMYSYL HAS FALLEN BEFORE RUSSIAN ASSAULT

(Continued From Page One)

Relief Expeditions Fail

The fate of the fortress had been inevitable since the failure of the last Austrian drive from the southward for its relief. There have been daily evidences of a shortage of provisions, and reports of the ravages of disease reached the besiegers from time to time.

Gradually the lines about the city were drawn tighter until within the last fortnight Russian riflemen were within range of the outer works. Russian artillery pounded the forts ceaselessly.

The Austrian sortie of last Saturday was preceded by such an extravagant use of ammunition by the artillery as to leave the impression that the besieged army was at the end of its resources and desired to consume the remainder of its ammunition prior to surrendering.

Was Danger to Russia

Although Przemyśl had been eliminated as a positive menace to the Russian troops operating in Galicia since it was isolated and surrounded early in October, it always had been a potential source of danger. Many stubborn battles have been fought by the besiegers with portions of the garrison which attempted to break through the investing lines to join relief columns which on some occasions pushed to within 25 miles of the city.

The garrison of Przemyśl originally numbered 60,000 or 80,000 men, but sorties and shells must have cut a considerable number of thousands from that total.

The besieging army is understood to number about 120,000 officers and men. This force will now march on the strong Austrian fortress of Cracow, 125 miles to the west of Przemyśl, it being the announced determination of the Russian commander in chief to reduce the ancient Polish capital as speedily as possible.

OBITUARY

Levi Mattern Peters, an employee of the New York Central railroad, passed peacefully away at his home in Philadelphia Monday morning at 10:15 o'clock.

On December 29th, 1911, he was stricken with paralysis, confining him to his home, later suffering another stroke. For the past seventeen years he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and with this added affliction, his condition gradually grew more serious, notwithstanding the efforts to stay the shadow that threatened the home, until the end came. Deceased was the brother of Mrs. Ella McNorlin, of Clearfield.

Home-Made Chocolate Easter Eggs

The Ladies of the Lutheran Church will make delicious Chocolate Eggs

which will be on sale in Leonardson's store every afternoon except Saturday and every evening in the basement of the Lutheran church.

Make Our Store Your Headquarters

If you are particular about the way your clothes are cleaned and pressed and repaired.

It pleases us to please you, so we overlook nothing in our desire to satisfy you.

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Citizen's Club Cigars

No dope or flavoring used in their manufacture

For Sale here exclusively by

C. M. RHINE,

Clearfield, Pa.

HEARIE HEARIE HEARIE

Spring's at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of garden tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We carry the "Keen Kutter" brand of garden tools, all tempered, extra finished and forged from the highest grade of crucible steel. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome.

WM. F. POWELL,
Both Phones 23 S. Second Street

IT GIVES THE BEST RESULTS.

LIGHT, ANATOMICALLY CORRECT

THE MOVING FINGER

By HAROLD CARTER.

"No, sir, I won't let you look at my eyes, nor I won't have you round here neither," snarled "Pop" Hendon to young Doctor Gray.

The young physician had only spent three months in Greenville, but that was quite long enough to convince him that "Pop" Hendon was, as the neighbors said, the crankiest old man in Breton county.

Doctor Gray did not mind the old fellow's moods. Before he had gone blind, five years before, Hendon had been a good neighbor and citizen. Since his blindness he had become morose and suspicious. The worst feature of the situation, so far as the doctor was concerned, was that "Pop" suspected the young man's love for his only child, Alice, and took a malicious pleasure in taunting him about it.

The young fellow was not yet in a position to marry. Alice would have waited for him; but she could not leave her father. She was all he had.

The young doctor had a last interview with his sweetheart that afternoon.

"Dearest, I will wait for you as long as is necessary," she said. "But so long as my father lives we must be just good friends and nothing more. If he were not blind I would leave all and come with you."

Gray understood. He kissed her fondly and went back to his office, resolved to throw himself with all his energy into his work and try to forget, until the time came to claim her.

And so a year passed by. Rarely, when Gray had occasion to pass the house, he would see the old man, implacable as ever, seated upon his porch, spelling out the Braille words with his right forefinger. He seemed conscious of the doctor's presence, and would look up and scowl heavily when Gray went by.

One day Gray had an urgent call on the telephone. It was from Alice.

"What you come up at once!" she begged. "Doctor Clifton is away and father has had a bad accident."

A medical man knows no enemies where his profession is concerned. Half an hour later Gray was at the house and being yanked into the old man's sick room.

Hendon had been knocked down by an automobile while trying to cross the street. He had taken malicious delight in running away from his daughter, and had been struck fairly by the machine. He was badly bruised; but what was worse, the tendons of his right hand had been crushed.

Gray saw at a glance that, while the hand could be made serviceable, Hendon would never again be able to straighten the fingers completely.

"You're the young fellow who used to be sweet on Alice, ain't you?" he snarled. "I thought you'd drop her as soon as you learned there wasn't any money coming with her."

"Let me see that hand, please," answered Gray.

A week later "Pop" Hendon learned the truth. His hand would be useful for all purposes except one; never again would he be able sufficiently to flex the forefinger so as to feel the raised type with the delicate nerve tissue underneath the first joint.

When the news was broken to him the old man's agony was painful to witness. He lay still without speaking for days together, interpersing these periods of moroseness, however, with outbreaks of maniacal fury. At such times only Gray could restrain him from flinging himself out of the window. Somehow the young doctor seemed to have acquired a certain influence over the morose old man.

It was after one of these maniacal spells that Gray addressed Hendon, who was lying exhausted upon his bed.

"Mr. Hendon," he said, "I may as well tell you that I took the occasion just now to examine your eyes."

Hendon lay on the bed in dogged silence.

"I believe your trouble is nothing but cataract," he continued. "I have been to the doctors who examined you before and seen their records. What they told you was that your case was incurable at present, but might be alleviated later."

"Yes, trying to fool me into spending more money on 'em," snarled "Pop" Hendon.

"No, sir," answered Doctor Gray decisively. "A cataract cannot be operated upon until it has reached a certain stage of hardness, about a year after it begins. You were the victim of your own suspicions. You could have been cured years ago. You can be cured now."

"Will you do it, Doc?" gasped old Hendon, turning his face upon Gray's with a look of wistful hope in his eyes.

Two weeks later "Pop" Hendon, seated in the dining room, waited for the bandage to be lifted. The morose old man had been strangely silent during the period of waiting.

Doctor Gray took off the bandages. "Well, sir?" he demanded.

"Pop" Hendon leaped out of his chair.

"I can see!" he screamed, clapping Gray violently by the hands. "Lord, I can see again! Doc, how good the world is!"

With which sentiment the doctor was in entire sympathy, as he drew Alice toward him and kissed her. And "Pop" Hendon beamed on them through his heavy lenses.

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

We Want Representatives Everywhere to work for us, buying and selling Real Estate, Mortgages, Bonds, Stocks, etc. We pay part salary and part commission. Good earnings can be made from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per year, more—no previous experience necessary. We equip and start you out.

International Realty Corporation
12015 Bldg., 108 La Salle St., CHICAGO

Ping, Pong, 10¢ or 10 cents until April 1st. Star Studio. 10¢-10¢

The Last is the Best



BEFORE the days of tango teas and fox trots, when we gathered at the home of somebody's best beau down in the Old Town, we used to "count out" for the games, and the invariable rule of THE LAST IS THE BEST OF ALL THE GAME was a law that could not be disputed.

In a recent issue of the New York Herald, James L. Ford, in reviewing "Mr. Grex of

Monte Carlo" says that the work of E. Phillips Oppenheim improves steadily as the years roll on; and that his stories are as full of dramatic interest as ever.

True, and his VERY LAST story is yet the best of all. It has dramatic interest plus; it has individuality; it is inventive, scientific, ingenious, SKILLFUL—a story that will live as long as will the name of the author itself.

This wonderful story is "THE BLACK BOX," a mystery tale told as only Oppenheim can tell it. Plausible, yet seemingly beyond human comprehension; sensational, yet profoundly dignified, mysterious without a hint of cheap "blood and thunder."

THE BLACK BOX is full of action—gripping, soul stirring, thrilling—something doing in every line—never prosaic, never commonplace, never dull. Being written by E. Phillips Oppenheim it necessarily follows that the plot is original, that the situations are exciting, the denouement intensely dramatic.

And so "the last is the best of all the game," and as nothing is too good for our readers, this LAST and BEST story will be presented to them in serial form. The unique motion pictures of THE BLACK BOX, which were produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, will be shown at the same time in this city.

You will want to see these startling pictures, you will want to read this thrilling story; you will want to be among those who solve the mystery—who learn the secret of THE BLACK BOX.

First Installment Tonight on Page Four

EVOLUTION OF JITNEYS

A STORY OF PROGRESS

(By United Press)

Kansas City, Mo., March 23.—The evolution of the jitney is a story of itself. Less than two months ago, the first small five passenger touring car made its appearance in Kansas City streets, offering a ride for five cents. Strap hangers swamped the little car. Within a few days fifty small touring cars in operation over fixed routes taking as much business from the street railway company as the jitneys could handle.

Then appeared the first automobile with a bus body, with a large carrying capacity. Jitney drivers were quick to see that the increase in carrying capacity was far ahead of the increase in cost of operation. Soon many auto delivery wagons made their appearance with seats on both sides. Instantly they became popular both with the jitney fans and with the drivers. The latter discovered that all light speedy trucks stood up better under the wear and tear than the converted pleasure cars. Then, too, the purchaser of a truck ran no risk in his investment should the jitney business prove a failure. They reasoned they would still have a serviceable car for delivery work.

A further development of the jitney truck was the scheme of several drivers to use their cars as buses during the rush hours and contract for delivery work for some large firm from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Another development has been the number of independent owners who have entered the field with cars "For Hire" for a ten cent fare within a certain area. Some independents, also

charged ten cents for a trip from the union station to any hotel and get plenty of business. But the ten cent cars are few and far between. Then there are other cars that merely bear the sign "Anywhere. Rates Reasonable." And they are putting in heavily on the taxicab business. Another class of jitneys are those who run only during the rush hours and during fair weather. So far most of the weather has been decidedly unfavorable for the jitneys but despite this more than 300 cars are in operation with a big increase certain with the coming of spring.

The organized jitneys have a traffic manager, whom they hired for the traffic department of a railroad. They have an equipment and driver inspector and are carrying on a campaign to drive unit and dangerous drivers from the organization. They have contracted for a construction of a jitney co-operative garage down town to take care of their own maintenance and repair work. They now have two downtown central stations with plenty of announcers and starters.

Carriage factories are busy converting limousine and large touring cars into jitney buses. Hundreds of men are in business for themselves, while the Metropolitan has ordered fifty new street cars to put into the service in May to better compete with the "nickel grabbers."

The advent of the jitney has developed an acute form of the "Jitney fan" who refuses to ride in the street cars and talks jitneys all his spare time. With the good will of the community, restrictive legislation proposed is not expected to get very far. Kansas Citians already predict that within ten years the street car tracks will be torn up, the motor bus supplanting the street cars as the trolley did the cable car.

The Clearfield Progress

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D. C. Rook has taken the room over

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Our decision to distribute "Illustrated Bible Stories for Young and Old" to the readers of **THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS** came only after we were firmly convinced that this remarkable book is the greatest educational offering of modern times.

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Written by **IAN MACLAREN** (Rev. John Watson, D. D.) Author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush"; and **J. WILLIAM BUEL, Ph.D.**
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The most progressive and enlightened nations are those where the Bible is most widely circulated.

It makes no difference whether or not you read The Bible, these "Illustrated Bible Stories" will interest and help you; they are practical, sound and profitable—they will make you fit and keen for the problems of life.

There are More Than 500 Text Pictures

in black and white. These are not reproductions from more or less familiar modern photographs, but have been especially made with a view to historical accuracy in the light of 20th Century knowledge.

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from famous paintings, considered by authorities everywhere as the most important contribution to scriptural illustration ever produced; representing a

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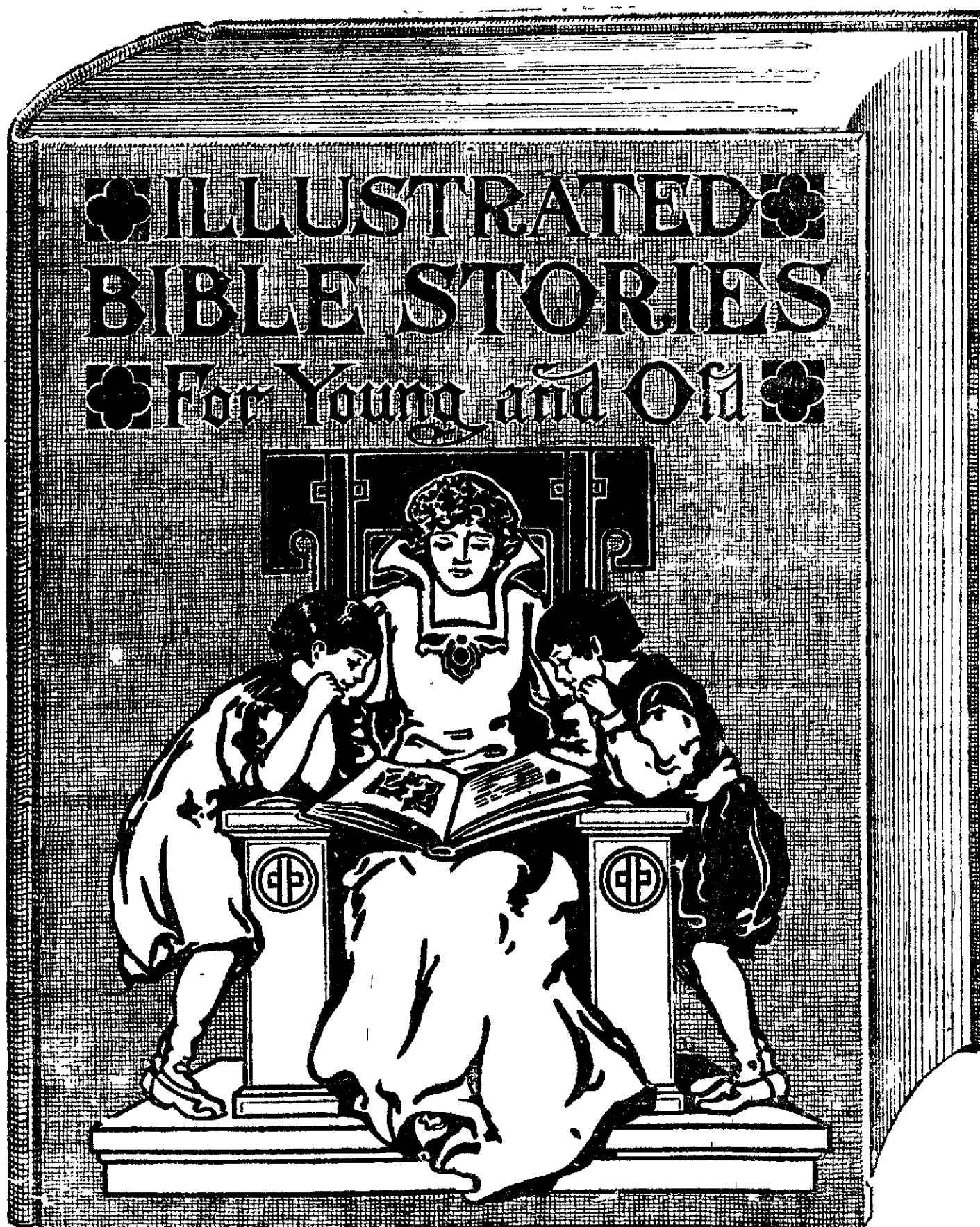
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STOOP SHOULDERS THE
RESULT OF CARELESSNESS

In his "Little Talks on Health and Hygiene," Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., commissioner of health, says: "Atlas bore the weight of the heavens upon his head and hands, according to a Greek myth, but those of mankind who carry the burden of life, too often let it rest upon their shoulders. Stoop shouldered men and women by the thousands are to be found among the followers of sedentary occupations. Nine out of ten when the subject is mentioned will square away their shoulders and say 'I'm getting a little careless about that.' Then they make a momentary resolve that they will brace up and overcome the fault. That it is a fault and one that has a distinct bearing upon health there is no question."

No system of physical culture is complete which does not include exercises which teach erect carriage and deep breathing. One of these is impossible without the other. In this lies the chief ill effect of stoop shoulders.

To maintain good health we should use our lungs to their normal capacity at all times. The proper purification of the blood through oxygenation requires ample breathing. Drop your shoulders forward and then try to take a full breath; see how impossible it is to do so in that position. Breathing with the shoulders forward and the breast bone depressed is only partially accomplished. The lower portion of the lungs cannot be emptied and instead of receiving a supply of fresh air they will be filled with residual air.

To work, sit or walk day after day with the shoulders hunched forward, means that the lung capacity is lessened just so much and a corresponding loss of vitality results.

Such a posture also permits the sagging of the diaphragm, a resulting displacement of the abdominal organs and leads to serious digestive disturbances.

Do not resort to shoulder braces or other mechanical means to correct stooping shoulders. These are but makeshifts which do not remedy the real trouble. Make the mental effort necessary to keep the body erect. By maintaining proper posture the muscles can be strengthened and made to do their work of holding the body upright.

When children exhibit a tendency to grow stoop shouldered parents and teachers should see to it that they are given physical exercises to correct the fault.

ERSTWHILE "RUBES"
BECOMING EDUCATED

(By United Press)

Chicago, March 23.—Newspaper publicity has forced the professional "con" man from criminal life throughout the United States. This is according to Captain of Detectives O'Brien, Chicago, once the crime center of the west, is now freed of confidence grifters, O'Brien said.

"One time famous would become the immediate victim of the man who could sell him either the Masonic temple, the Lincoln monument, Jackson park or the Garv steel works," he said. "But newspaper stories breezily written, have been widely read and the erstwhile 'rube' has become a Willie Wise."

PENN GRANGE ASKS
AMENDMENT OF ACT

The following resolution was passed by Penn Grange at a meeting held at Grampian on March 13.

Whereas, the act defining commodities, regulating the sale thereof and providing penalties for violation thereof, number 445 of 1913 session, provides that farm and some other products when sold by the bushel or subdivision of the bushel, shall weigh certain arbitrary amounts per bushel, fixed by law many of such weights not corresponding to the true weights of such commodities when measured in full standard bushel thus working hardship and loss to farmers.

Therefore, Be it resolved by Penn Grange, No. 534, P. of H., held at Grampian March 1, 1915, that the legislature be asked to amend the above act by the addition of the following: "Provided that nothing in this act shall prevent the selling or make it unlawful to sell, commodities by the full standard measured bushel or subdivision of a bushel, or peck or half peck or gallon or quart or pint, without regard to weight, when so stated by the vendor."

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the governor of the state, a copy to our state senator, a copy to each of our members of the legislature, a copy to Pomona grange, and a copy to the executive committee of state grange, and that copies be sent for publication to six county papers.

U. L. W. H.
W. L. T. C.
G. A. W. O. C.

Amended by the Grange
U. L. W. H.
W. L. T. C.
G. A. W. O. C.

After a year or so each year since 1910 the price of beef cattle in the United States increased more than 3 per cent. last year.

Spring Opening

Featuring Princess Coats and Suits

AGAIN the days of showing the fashions for the coming season are here and this season promises to be still more interesting than any we have had for a great many years. You no doubt will recall that the last style days we were taking our fashions from the Wars, like the Balkan, the Russian and Japanese war, etc., and here we are with one of the greatest wars that the world has ever heard about, and we are getting our styles from the period of 1830; hardly hint about the present war. However, a few very stunning suits and coats with the military effect, the Tommie Atkins, etc., are interesting, but the great part of the fashions are those of years. Great, wide flaring skirts, low neck with the daintiest kind of ruffles, shoulder straps, tiny floral designs, plenty of rose buds, and some fashion designers are even telling us about the poke bonnet.

Nevertheless, the new fashions are a relief from the straight designs of the directory period. Women are taking a great interest in the fashions we are presenting for their approval this season. Each department has contributed to the display.

Copyright, 1914, The F. W. Leonardson Co.

Beautiful Silks

We will ask you to commence at the beginning of the west aisle in the Silk Department, see the lovely silks all spread out; the newest shades and the wonderful combination of colorings that fashion has appeared. The very newest silks that will be found is the "Pussy Willow" Taffeta. All the fashion designers of the world have recommended this new taffeta. It seems to be just right; just stiff enough for the wide, flaring dresses. The shades are marvelous, delicate, soft and lustrous. We are showing these beautiful forty-inch wide silks in all the new colorings for Spring.

Crepe de chine Silks are next in favor and are shown in all the wanted shades in two qualities \$1.00 and \$1.50 yd. Soft lustrous messalines are still much in demand and we are showing a very fine quality 36-in. wide at a dollar yard.

Faille Silks for these wanting a heavier suiting silk in black, olive and putty shades.

Silk Poplins that are forty inches wide are much in demand and are shown in white, sand, rose, green, copen, navy, wisteria and battleship gray, priced \$1.00 a yard.

Dainty striped wash silks for waists and dresses 24 to 36-in wide, priced 50c to \$1.00 a yard.

Beautiful new plaid and striped silk for waists, girdles and trimmings are wanted where a dash of color is desired, they are a full yard wide and priced \$1.00 and \$1.50 a yard.

Dress Goods

As there will be plenty of plaits and ruffles and the skirts will flow considerably, naturally the materials will be of a light weight nature, and for that reason we are showing some handsome clothes that are exceptionally suited for these styles, among the new weaves we are showing are the Gabardines, Venetian, Epingle, French serges, and the popular black and white checks and striped suitings.

For the White Spring Coat are shown two very good numbers in Serge and Chinchilla 56-in. wide.

Wash Goods

The new Spring and Summer wash fabrics are here in glorious profusion. They complete a large section of this aisle; they are piled high on counters and shelves and embrace all that's new in plain white and the dainty colored effects. Many of them are shown in extra width full 40 inches wide to meet the demand created by the wide full skirts, volies, printed, embroidered and in shadow lace effects are among the chief glories of the showing, and are "hand in glove" with fashion. The patterns are small and medium with a showing of large floral effects that are considered very good. Among our showing you'll find Organdie Raye, Regatta Crepe, Shadow Voiles, Snow Flake voile, Rice Voiles, Lace Cloth, Palatial Voiles, Printed Butterfly Crepe, Embroidered Voile, Printed Dot Swiss, Costume Crepe, Printed Crepe, Mercerized Voile, Printed Organdy and Windsor Batiste from 10c to 35c a yard.

Spring Millinery

Many complimentary things were said about our new millinery on opening night. The ladies are coming from far and near to see our very carefully prepared display of millinery for Spring.

Exquisite models of hats for all occasions are here for your approval and selection.

It is a dignified and pleasing presentation of the newest and best from American Millinery centers.

Stylish ready to wear hats bearing the 1915 Spring imprint as low as \$3.00 to \$5.00, and our exclusive models and pattern hats are only a little more.

New Suits

The late arrivals in the suits have short jackets, with full flare, plaited and straight box back—some have tiny buttons as trimmings, others that show military effect are braid finished while some of the very latest have mosil silk collars and cuffs.

The skirts are wide—some plaited and some are plain; the new materials are the light weight, Gabardine, men's wear serge, poplins coverts and checked novelty suitings. The shades are Belgium blue, cunard blue, battleship grey, silver, tans, navy and black.

Top Coats

Among the new top coats you will be surprised to find the box coat made of covert. They say there is nothing new under the sun, 'tis true about these covert coats, but every time they revise these coats they seem to be newer than ever. Wonderfully stylish. Some are box backs, some have box plaits with belts.

"Watch your step" coat and very late style that is full of "kick," made of American Woolen Co.'s all-wool poplin, full lined with yarn-dyed pean de cygne. Silk velvet collar, cuffs and button rims, convertible collar. We are showing them today in black, navy, Belgian blue, green, also in all-wool shepherd checks and covert cloth.

ART SILK COATS and "Mayerknit" sweater coats are synonymous. They are an ideal garment for Spring, Summer and early fall wear—they're neat, stylish and attractive and will be in big demand this year; these new sweater coats you'll find on display in the underwear department on main floor. They come in copenhagen, rose, tan, also in two-tone, black and red, black and gold, black and green.

The New Corsets

Every fashionable gathering gives evidence of the decided changes in Milady's Contour. At last good taste dominates the mode and the charm of the natural figure comes into its own.

If you are not absolutely satisfied with your present corset there is no surer way to improve the defects than to visit our corset department and be correctly fitted with one of the new Spring models.

Dresses, Suits and Coats

While you are strolling about viewing the new fashions for the coming season by all means don't forget our ready to wear section. Here we are showing the new suits, dresses and coats, among the most interesting in this section are the new dresses, wonderfully attractive. You'll find that in most instances they are made of either Crepe de Chine, Pussy Willow Taffeta, Messaline or Chiffon Taffeta.

You'll notice at a glance that these dresses resemble the fashions of 1830, that the great fashion designers have been talking so much about. The high waist line, the wide, flaring skirts with plaits and ruffles, the narrow velvet ribbons for shoulder straps, the tiny rose buds for trimmings.

Laces

You will be glad to know that there will be lots of dainty, flimsy laces used this season. Laces are something that is dear to the hearts of every woman, and they are always well pleased when dame fashion says "Plenty of Laces" for this season you'll want to spend considerable time at the lace counter and see the wide flouncings in dainty shadow laces, the Oriental Laces, the wide Valenciennes. The quality of the laces is not new, but the patterns are new, and the prices you'll find as low as could be wished.

New Shirt Waists

The greater number of shirt waists we are showing are made of crepe de chine and pussy willow taffeta.

Again you see the touch of dainty laces, many have the lace yoke, lace sleeves, some have lace bands around the sleeves, then we have the utility waists made of crepe de chine, with the high collars and buttons with tiny pearl and silk covered buttons. The buttons are very small and close together; they button straight up the front to the top of the collar.

Interesting Style Hints

Small waists are returning.
Higher bust corsets are good this season.
Slouch figures are out of style.
Stout figures—full figures—fleshy women can be reduced with the new Gossards.
Corsets are about the same.
Bust gores are lower—allowing for fuller diaphragm.
Materials are better than ever.
Supporter tips will not tear finest hosiery.
Careful fittings must be made because of military erectness demanded by designers.
Cost of new models includes better materials, better service, more comfort and authentic style.
You get these things no matter what price you pay.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, as second class mail matter.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1915

Good evening! Cheer up; there is always the poor house in prospect.

Spring sprang a joke on the people in this section.

Nothing new has developed in the various wars in Mexico this week.

Do your seed shopping early and be ready for the spring opening.

It was another case of the Irresistible running up against the immovable.

People who want to live in a salubrious climate and enjoy life to the full move to Clearfield.

Without looking in the city directory, can you tell offhand who is president of Mexico today?

New Yorkers who travel in the subway scout the idea that submarine boats are such terrible things.

Unhappy will be the woman whose milliner fails to get her Easter hat home in time for the big parade.

Two Frenchmen were wounded in a duel the other day, and they no doubt, feel as proud as if they had been shot in the trenches.

Italy has not been keeping out of the war because she is afraid of Austria, but because she has seen what a horrible thing war is.

Every convert Billy Sunday made in Philadelphia cost one hundred dollars, but if they "stick" nobody ought to begrudge the expenditure.

Seventy-seven per cent. of the women in Chicago voted at the recent election, and about twenty per cent. of these got their ballots on straight.

Our idea of a useless waste of words is a physician stating that women pay the penalty of wearing too light clothes and low-necked dresses in cold weather.

Next month the cry of "play ball" will ring throughout the land, and the supper table will wait overtime for the return of father and son from the ball park.

Some of the backwoods newspapers are still discussing the Shaw case, which is a waste of time and space. The Shaw case doesn't interest the people any more.

The scarlet fever situation becomes less acute, only a few isolated cases developing each week, and none of the cases proving fatal, for which facts let us all be thankful.

These egg-laying contests never interest the man who keeps on paying out good dollars providing for a flock of hens and gets from one to two eggs a day for his labors and money.

Wonderful what a change a few buckets of paint will make in the appearance of a property; even a few dabs of paint will have a remarkable effect on the complexion of a woman.

The Fatherland pamphlet praises the captain of the Eitel Friedrich for having engaged in piracy on the high seas, which gives the public a chance to gauge the caliber of the men back of the Fatherland.

General Bernardi, the German military authority, says Germany has no intention of invading and subduing the United States. Well, everybody in this country ought to breathe easier over that assurance.

Governor Brumbaugh is confident that the legislature will pass his local option bill, but the governor should remember the anti-local option forces use dum-dum bullets and are not

averse to attacking women and children.

Republicans desire to prevent non-partisan choice of public officials, and everybody knows that the Republican party has good reason for opposing this method of electing officials where, by honest men are chosen to do the work of the people.

With three hundred thousand dollars contributed by the hunters of the state the game commission, after deducting a large portion for the payment of salaries of officials and wardens, still ought to have money enough left to place a few dozen pheasants and quail in the woods and fields.

HYPHENATED FALSEHOOD

The Fatherland, published in New York in the interest of the German government, edited by that class of hyphenated residents who still owe allegiance to the kaiser, in its latest issue, says:

The submarine, like the airships, represents a new phase of warfare. If England is justified in treating the crews of German submarines as pirates, then Germany is justified in hanging English aeronauts. And what could Germany do with the English soldiers who, in flat defiance of all rules of warfare, use dum-dum bullets, manufactured in the United States, against the Germans?

John W. Hessian, of Connecticut, America's greatest military and sporting rifle shot and expert, dismisses the dum-dum bullet falsehood in the following language:

"I want to stamp as false the statements that the soldiers of any of the armies are using the brutal 'dum-dum' bullet. I investigated some of the complaints and some of the ammunition that was spoken of as the 'dum-dum' bullets. I found they were not. To the uninitiated the fact that some of these shells were made with soft points would tend to make it seem as though this was for purpose of making the bullet mushroom. As a matter of fact, if this was desired the soft matter would be at the middle or base of the bullet and not at the point of contact. I found that in some cases bullets had been made with aluminum points, but this was not done with the intention of having the aluminum flatten and mushroom, but rather because the peculiar shape and composition of these bullets made it necessary to have the tips of aluminum in order to keep the balance of the leaden projectile right. Otherwise they would not fly true. I will say that I found that the fighting in all respects had been as clean as war can be."

It is not expected that the hyphenated residents of the United States will accept the statements of a man who has been on the battlefields and has seen the bullets which the kaiser's friends and apologists say are dum-dums, but the American people may rest assured that Mr. Hessian is speaking the truth and that what he says is more worthy of credence than all the utterances of German military exponents or of such anti-Americans as those who control and publish the Fatherland. So bitter are the publishers of the Fatherland toward the American nation that their utterances have done more to incite American sympathy for the allies than any other thing that has developed since the war began.

BEHIND THE AGE

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer is at the head of the Pennsylvania state educational department. He has held that position many years, and judging from some of his recent statements he has outlived his usefulness. Dr. Schaeffer opposes the military training of school pupils. The aged gentleman believes that much harm will be done if the boys who go to school are taught to deport themselves after the manner of soldiers. Those who advocate military training in schools do not inderse militarism as such, but they believe that boys who receive instructions in the manual of arms will become imbued with greater love of country, give their thoughts to discipline and carry with them into life a

greater appreciation of the country in which they live.

Dr. Schaeffer declares that school children are given too many holidays. He says the school code provides for only two holidays—Christmas and the Fourth of July. The worthy but ancient educator would have the children tied down to their tasks five days a week for fifty weeks in the year if he had his way. Fortunately for the kiddies, the doctor has not his own way in the matter. Real friends of education believe that if, instead of a nine-months term with a long summer vacation, the schools were to be given a winter vacation of a month and the summer holiday were to be cut to that extent the result would be increased efficiency in the schools.

The enforced vacation or holiday resulting from the scarlet fever scare in Clearfield demonstrated the beneficial effects of a rest for the children who had been tied to their desks since Christmas. The children returned to their tasks refreshed in mind and body, prepared to resume their studies and feeling fit for the work before them. Dr. Schaeffer's idea of school holidays is not shared by parents who know the need by their children of a relaxation from study and rest from the irksomeness of school life occasionally. Parents have a way of regarding the health of their children as of more importance than the acquirement of an education at the expense of their children's health.

The state superintendent of public instruction himself is not averse to taking a holiday and getting away from his arduous duties. He is in great demand throughout the state as a lecturer. School boards and institute promoters are always pleased if they can secure Dr. Schaeffer to deliver an address at their meetings. And Dr. Schaeffer willingly accepts many of the invitations he receives from educational bodies—at from thirty dollars to fifty dollars a speech. Although the doctor receives a salary of six thousand dollars a year from the state, he does not seem to accept payment from associations and societies for telling them what he knows about education. The thrifty gentleman seems to it that his own holidays return him a neat stipend in the shape of almighty dollars.

THE OVERTURE

Then Lenten purple palls the town. The time has come for fitting To piny woods and porches down For golf and bridge and knitting. The clubs are empty—every one Who's any one's favoring Where there's a fighting chance for fun, For folly or for sporting.

We stroll through Alimony Lane And rest in Peacock Alley; For merriment we seek in vain Where tango trotters rally. Oh, kindly devil of the grill, You warm glow on us casting, Disperse this unrelenting chill That comes from gloom and fast-ing.

The jell is on the gay calf's-foot, The pate de foie is smiling; The chic poulet is aspic put, But not for our beguiling, For us no guinea-hen saute No filet mignon flashes; We sip our barley flax frappe In sackcloth and in ashes.

Away—away—to wooded lake! Dost hear the love bird calling When laughing pussy willows shake And early buds are falling? Hid in the trees, King Pan, the gay, His harp of life is strumming A march triumphant. Clear the way! Another spring is coming!

—Kate Masterson, in Judge.

SIX SMALL SMILES

Invariable Loner
 "Did you ever play cards for money?"
 "Yes, but I never got it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of the Same Opinion
 Mildred—Don't you think Miss Elderly looks much younger in her new hat?
 Helen—Indeed I do. Why, Mildred, it makes her look but very little older than she says she is.—Judge.

Adding Insult
 "Why did Blanks fall in his photo business?"
 "Asked his customers the first thing whether they wanted photographs or likenesses."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Will He Go?
 "Don't you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Boston Sunday school teacher of the new scholar.

"No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow.

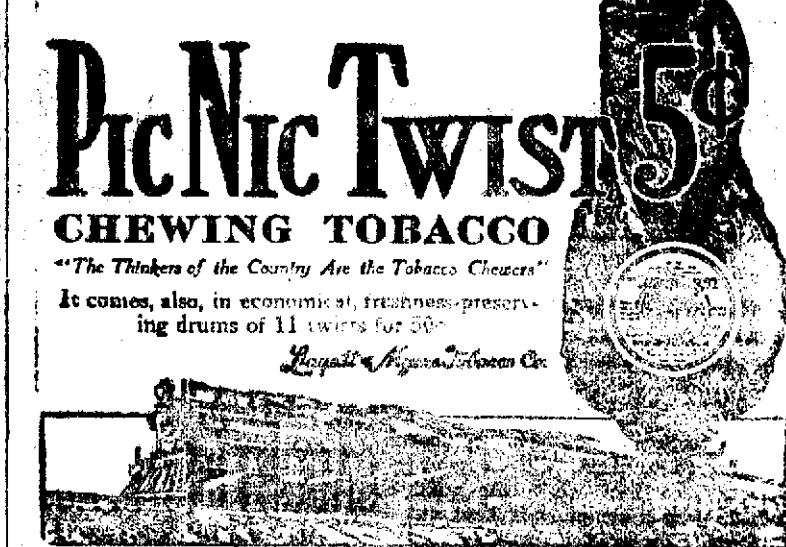
"And why not, Tommy?"
 "Oh, when I die I want to go where a fellow can rest."

"Well, my boy, you can rest

"The Thinkers of the Country Are the Tobacco Chewers"—said one of the greatest thinkers this country ever produced.

Says the Engineer:
 "Did you ever think what it means to run a train—signals jumping by every minute and several hundred lives depending on you not missing one of them?"
 "Well, maybe you can guess what a help it is to an engineer to find a tobacco that sharpens you up and steadies you just right without any rebound."

PICNIC TWIST is made of the mild, mellow part of the leaf. You get real satisfaction out of this mild, naturally sweet, long lasting chew, without a dark, heavy tobacco's "come back."



French Declare War on German Made Fashions

By Henry Wood
 (United Press Staff Correspondent)
 Paris, Feb. 20. (By Mail to New York).—"Rue de la Paix—the street of peace—has just declared war. It is against the Germans."

This street, the creative center of the world's fashions, the home of the world's most famous dressmakers, the throne from which the latest dictates of sartorial elegance are meted out to womankind at large, has just discovered like most of the allies at the beginning of the war that its very existence was being threatened by the Germans.

Since the beginning of the war a minute investigation has been conducted in Paris to ascertain every business house and every line of industry in which Germans are interested. The most amazing result to date has been the discovery of the extent to which during the past few years Germans have come into control of Paris' most famous millinery houses.

Although Paris still boasts of telling the rest of the world what to wear, it was really Germans and not French who were doing the telling. Most of the Parisian millinery houses retained the French name under which they had become world-famous although it was German capital and brains that were running them. Only a few were known under the German name of their owner.

The sentiment aroused in all France against this German invasion of the field of Parisian fashion came to a climax with the Madame Bechoff scandal. Her house of Bechoff-David is in the Place Vendôme which opens out in the center of the Rue de la Paix. Having created for her "shop" a position almost without equal amongst the most exclusive and most elegant of the Parisian milliners she found it necessary to mask under a French name.

In addition, although German of the German, she had given repeated proofs of her loyalty to France. With the outbreak of the war her elegant establishment was one of the very first to be turned into a hospital for the French wounded.

All of this was forgotten and all of her position crumpled like a house of cards, however, with the arrest of Franco Desclaux, paymaster-treasurer of the entire French army, and later with her own arrest. Desclaux, it is alleged, helped himself to the more appetizing viands of the food supplies of the French army and sent them to Madame Bechoff in order that her larder might be well stocked.

there."
 "But in that song we sang it said we'd all shine there. I get enough of that here—I'm a shoeblack, mum."—Exchange.

Chief Pleasure
 "Do you think aeroplanes will ever be as popular as automobiles?"
 "Never. You can't fly low enough to put on airs for the benefit of your pedestrian friends."—Kansas City Journal.

Willing to Please
 "Now you, as superintendent of a school, object to this saloon and dance hall?"
 "I do."

ed against any possible food famine at Paris.

This was the last straw which brought about definite action by the syndicate of Parisian dressmakers—probably the wealthiest and most elegant syndicate in the world. All Germans who in the past have succeeded in getting into the organization are to be expelled at once no matter how long they have been in the little trade mark of the syndicate which alone can guarantee all that the word "Parisian" means in matters of dress.

To the United Press correspondent, M. Aime-Montaille, president of the syndicate, has just detailed some of the havoc that is asserted to have been wrought in the dressmaking field in Paris by the German invasion.

"While the proprietors of these houses in Paris have as a rule in the past been naturalized French citizens, they have never felt that duty towards France which we native born citizens naturally feel. They have never hesitated to take advantage of any privileges accorded to them by the fact that they were German origin to the detriment not only of the Parisian houses owned by French proprietors, but even to the detriment of our national French industries."

"One such house for example made it a practice to copy all new silk designs, send them to Germany to be made up, and then bring them back into France and sell them as genuine French silks. Not only were they inferior in quality, but the prices at which they could be made in Germany from designs originated by us, enabled such houses to ruin all competition."

"Still another abuse which developed from the German invasion of the Parisian millinery field has just been discovered. An immense German syndicate had planned to establish at Amsterdam a fashion center which they hoped to make rival that of Paris. The managers of the houses to be opened there were to be selected from men who had served as managers in various Parisian houses. Those houses were then to be advertised as branches of the Paris house and the creations sold as though they were real Parisian creations."

"These are only a few of the reasons why it has been necessary for our syndicate to begin open warfare on everything German that is in any way connected with the world of fashion and dress designing at Paris."

"On account of the establishment's proximity."
 "Well, if they agree to cut that out every night at 11 o'clock, will that satisfy you?"—Exchange.

Germany uses almost twice as many post cards for domestic correspondence as any other nation. Japan is second and the United States third.

Her Brading and Switcher made to order. Mrs. Mike Greer 512 Daisy street.

Wholesale Specialty. Emory H. Shaw, R. F. D. NO. 1.

"Confessing"

WHY should Craig keep another's secret? He could tell the world of his life when he could keep it by telling it!
 Overcome by the knowledge of his own weakness and swayed by a desire for the "peace" which the world cannot give" would YOU "confess your sins" to a religious meeting and sacrifice a beloved treasure?
 See The Black Box, the greatest photograph ever staged. See what Craig, Professor Ashleigh's servant, did.
 In all your life you have never witnessed anything like The Black Box, the strangest mystery play ever produced. See it and you will reach the extreme limits of human emotion. See it for the greatest acting, the swiftest action, the most wonderful scenes ever shown in the night drama. Arrange one night each week and—

See THE BLACK BOX The Photograph Serial Spectacle 18 Episodes — one a week
 AT THE NEW OPERA HOUSE
 Beginning Wednesday, March 24th



"SISTER SUSIE" HAS RIVAL IN NEW WAR SONG (By United Press)

London, Mar. 4. (By Mail to New York).—"Sister Susie" has a rival. Jack Newirth who introduced this popular tongue-twister to London music hall audiences, is now persuading them to join him in singing "Mother's sitting knitting little mittens for the navy. Bertha's busy bathing baby Belgian."

refugees. Sarah's planning to make a journey for the Germans. Oh what busy bees, all sewing, oh so busy. Maggie, Nell, and Maud are making mufflers for the soldiers. While Winnie winds the wool when they begin. Sister Susie's knitting socks and Maud's sewing shirts for soldiers. Still poor papa props his pants up with a pin."

Enlarged Photo Free! FOR 7 DAYS ONLY

From now until April 1st I will give absolutely free of any charge one 10x12 enlarged photograph with every dozen of my fine Folders Photos. at \$4.00 per dozen. The regular price of these Folders Photos is \$5.00 per dozen.

THIS OFFER IS ONLY GOOD UNTIL APRIL 1.

McDowell's Studio

THIRD STREET GORDON BLDG. BRING THIS ADVERTISEMENT WITH YOU.

ROSS & WOODS ROSS & WOODS

Waist Specials 98c

If we had the space we could go into a glowing description of the unusual values and charms of these waists, but we are satisfied to let our garments speak for themselves.

It is to your advantage to buy. You will be agreeably surprised.

Eight styles at 98c each

Another number worthy of mention is the Silk embroidered waist at\$1.98

McCall's Patterns 10c and 15c

McCall's Magazine 5c a copy

McCall's Magazine 50c yr.—Pattern Free.

ROSS & WOODS

AFTER ALL
 The Greatest Safety to Depositors is
 Good Management
 This Bank is Directed by the Following
 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

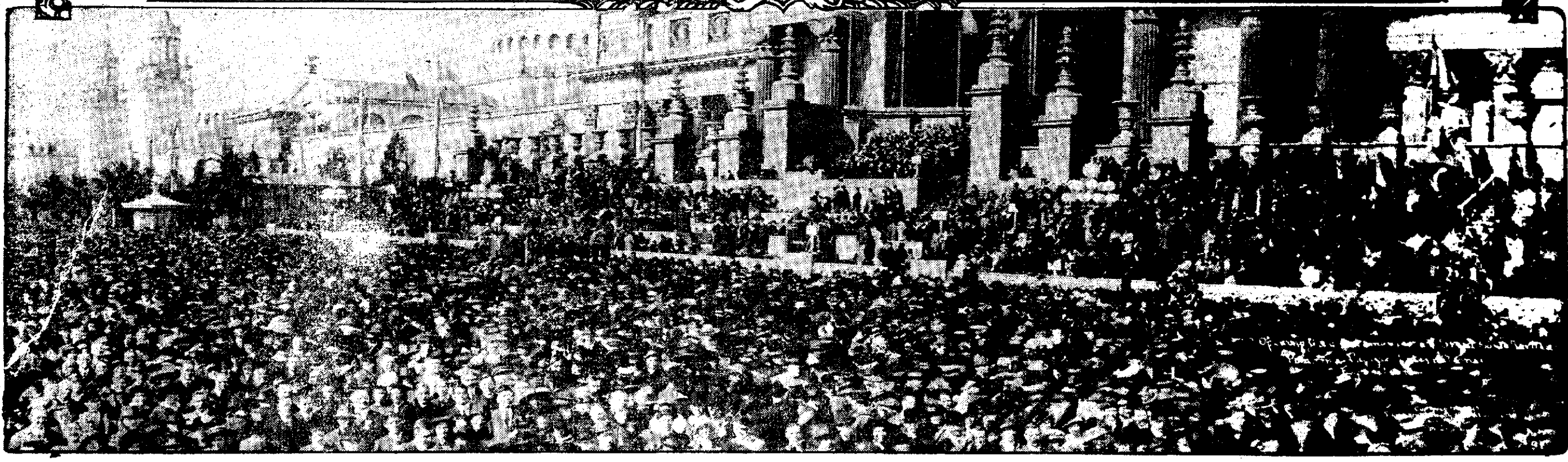
Hon. Singleton Bell, William I. Betts,
 President, Judge 46th Judicial District, President Chamber of Commerce
 John Dimeling, William P. Hopkins
 Dimeling & Bloom, Lumber, Trustee Estate A. C. Hopkins
 A. E. Leitzinger, James Mitchell
 Leitzinger Brother, Department Store, President
 Thos. H. Murray, W. H. Patterson
 Murray & O'Loughlin, Attorneys, Patterson & Gleason, Attorneys

H. S. Whiteman, Jr.,
 Vice President and Cashier

THE CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK

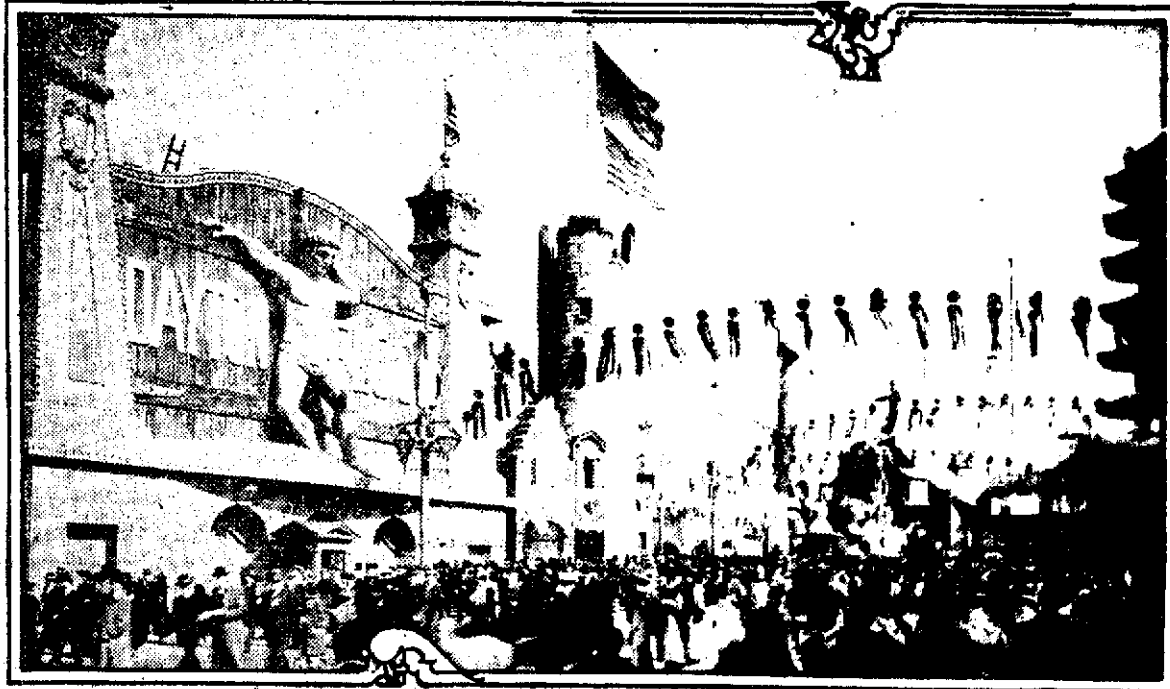
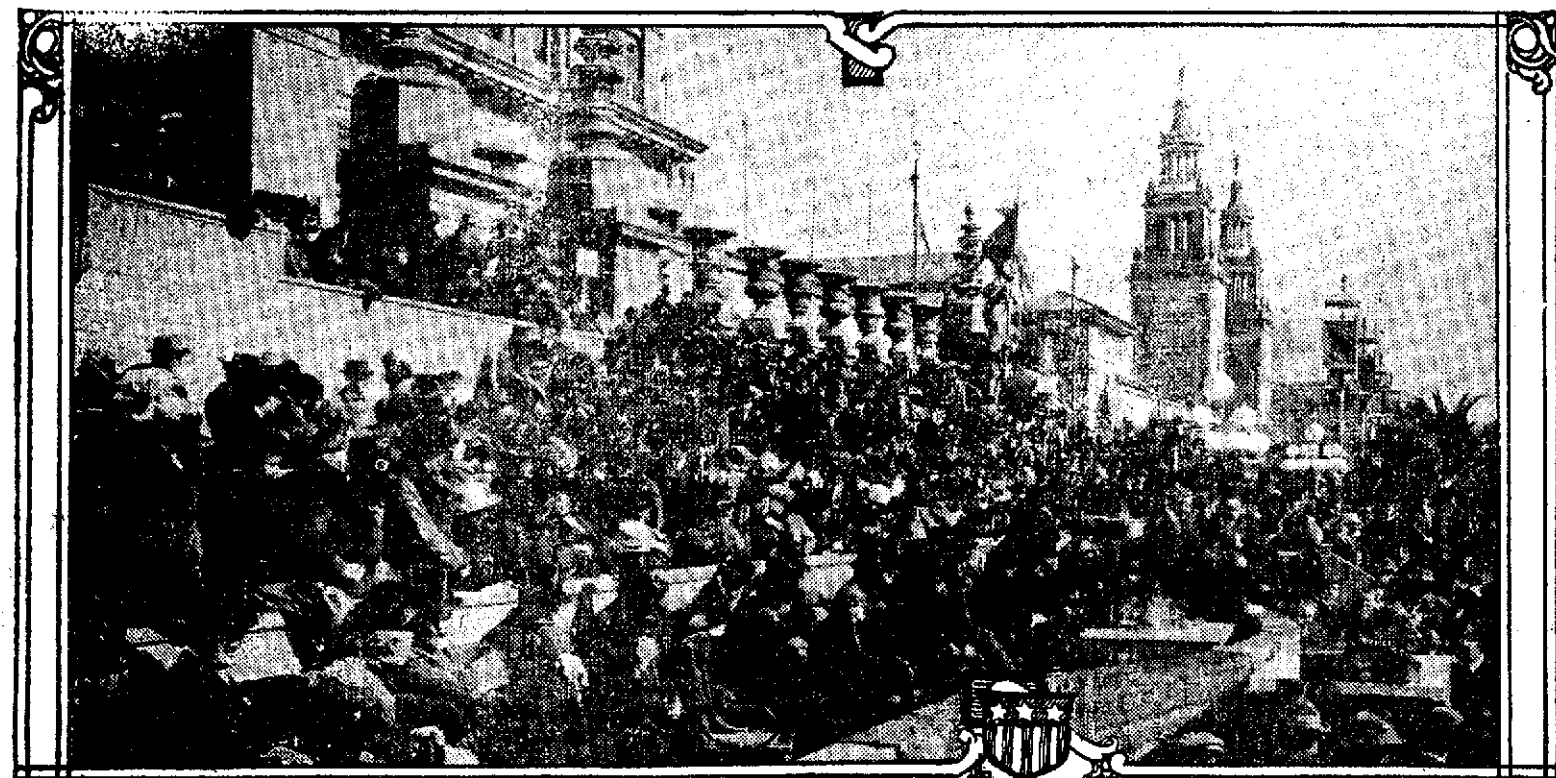
"The Bank of Service"

A black and white photograph showing a massive crowd of people gathered in front of a large, classical-style building with a prominent dome, likely the White House. The crowd fills the foreground and middle ground, extending towards the building. The building features a large portico with columns. In the background, other structures and a hill are visible under a bright sky. The image has a grainy, historical quality.



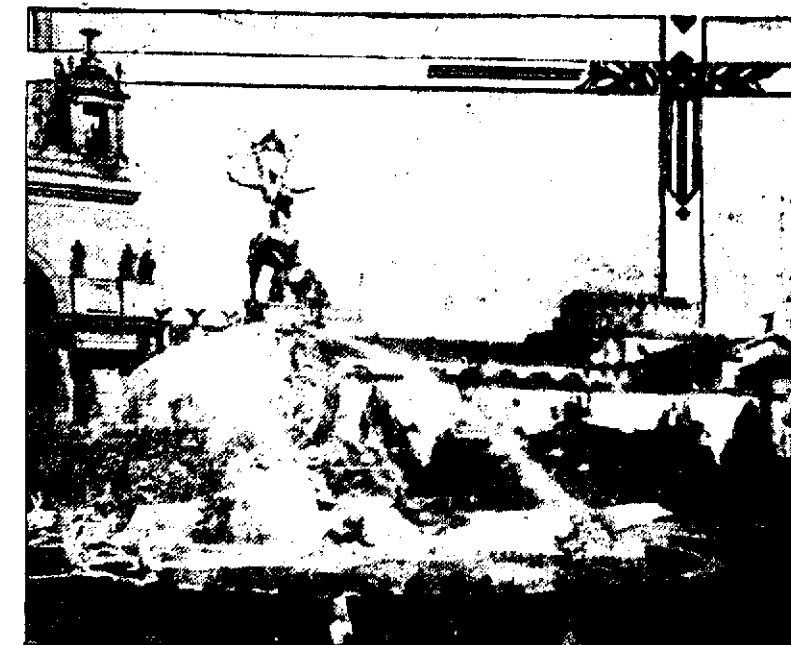
THIS remarkable panoramic photograph reproduced in two sections, one half above the other, shows the great throng that gathered on the opening day of Exposition, Saturday, Feb. 20. The crowd was not only the greatest ever brought together in the west, but in all time it broke up previous exposition attendance records. The grounds were thronged with visitors from every part of the globe, and the big attraction in the main entrance, the energy, the Lord of the Inhuman Way. The figure of Energy is mounted on a spirited steed. Beneath the figure of Energy in the basin below may be seen the figure of a walrus, representing the North sea, the other figures in the basin representing the South sea and the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The next figure in the line is the White Star, the headquarters of the Transatlantic Steamship Company. Almost in the center of the panorama appears the huge glass dome of the Palace of Horticulture, 135 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter. Next, at the left in the lower photograph, come the main exhibit palaces and the temporary grand stand erected for the opening day exercises. The figures of the President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial, are seen in the distance. In the foreground, the figures of the President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial, are seen in the distance. In the foreground, the figures of the President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial, are seen in the distance.

Opening Day on The Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



OPENING day, Feb. 20, vast crowds thronged The Zone, the amusement and concessions section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The Dayton Flood is shown on the left, the Chinese Village and Toyland Grown Up on the right. The opening day was marked by the most striking manifestations of enthusiasm ever known in the west.

Fountain of Energy When President Wilson Opened the Panama-Pacific Exposition.



Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1915

Miss Arline Koozer, of Altoona, is visiting friends in town.

H. D. McKeenan, of Berwinesdale, spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Newton Dean, of Lumber city, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Matt LaBarr at her home on Pine street.

Miss B. M. Courson returned from Philadelphia, where she spent the week end with friends, this morning.

Mrs. D. L. Krebs has returned from Philadelphia where she spent the past few weeks.

Miss Josephine Muffey returned yesterday from a visit with relatives in Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Valsah, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

H. B. Powell will return from Shamokin tomorrow, where he has been attending the Methodist conference.

Master George Dimeling and daughters, Katherine and Dorothy, have returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Carrie McGaughey and niece Miss Beniah McCarty, are spending the week in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Roth, of Altoona, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. McQuillen, at their home on Second street.

Potter Walker, of Karthaus, spent Sunday with A. P. Walker on McBride street.

C. H. Folmsbee, physical director at the Y. M. C. A., has returned from a visit with relatives at Gloversville, N. Y.

Miss Alice Mossop is spending the week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. W. Nale, of DuBois, is the guest of Clearfield friends.

Mrs. Fred Rollin left yesterday for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will visit her brother, Prof. Grant Smith, and spend two months at the Panama exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Royce S. Whiteman, Jr., are visiting friends in DuBois.

Mrs. William Henry Dill and daughter, Mrs. Anna Dill Pharo, are the guests of Mrs. Alexander Dill, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Moore of Nichols street, returned from a visit to friends in Jersey Shore.

Mrs. Anna Wilson, who has been sick with fever, is feeling much better today.

Miss Lillian Hall visited Clearfield last night, the latter part of last week.

Miss Lillian B. Mignot has moved to a new home, 1111 N. 2nd street, opposite the post office, and is prepared to attend to the wants of Clearfield ladies.

Mrs. Mignot is an expert in hair dressing, shampooing, singeing, and waving, facial massage, and treatment and manicuring. Or call H. & C. phone 1111 N. 2nd street.

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CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Mrs. G. A. Weber and daughter spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Earl Clark spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Alice Kirk has returned from a several weeks' visit in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sempel Barber and daughter spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Mrs. S. C. Wilson has returned from Coalport, where she spent Sunday.

T. F. Weber, of Punxsutawney, is visiting in Curwensville.

Mrs. Arnold Bloom spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

D. R. Fleming transacted business in Clearfield yesterday afternoon.

R. R. Robinson spent this afternoon in DuBois transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fross left today for Bradford, where Mr. Fross will attend the meetings for B. R. & P. agents.

Mrs. Abe Robinson spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

F. E. Clawson, of the freight department of the B. R. & P. railroad, transacted business in Curwensville today.

Mothers' meeting of the W. C. T. U. at the Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon, March 25. Subject: "The Religious Training of Boys."

Mrs. Adam Wilson, of Allport, is visiting at the home of A. B. Dunsmore, of Meadow avenue.

W. K. Wrigley spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

GOODRICH CORD TIRES
SMASH NON-STOP RECORD

Goodrich Silvertown cord tires have broken another record.

The latest feat of these cord construction tires is the carrying of a Maxwell, which set a new record of 305 miles without a stop at the San Diego races in January.

More remarkable still, the car that made the record on Silvertown had a gallon of gasoline left in its tank at the end of the race.

Billy Carlson, the speed boy who made the non-stop record on Silvertown, says it was the cord construction of his tires which enabled him to go 305 miles without a stop, and which also enabled him to make the record with a gallon to spare.

The remarkable resiliency and lack of resistance to the road, which are qualities produced by the cord construction make these tires develop more power at the wheel.

Averages from countless tests have shown that these tires increase engine efficiency 15 per cent and reduce gasoline consumption 25 per cent.

Carlson's feat at San Diego heats records set by E. L. Pullen in a Mercer in last August, and by Barney Oldfield in a Maxwell at the Corona races last November. The previous record was 301 miles without a stop.

The wonderful durability and enormous strength of Goodrich Silvertown cord tires was shown in the San Diego race when three cars started with Goodrich Silvertown Tire equipment and not one of them had to make a tire change.

The Point Loma course at San Diego is a tough one, with many sharp turns, which put extra strains on tires.

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GERMAN SPIES ARE CAUGHT IN THE ACT AND "DISAPPEAR"

(Continued From Page One)

undoing of Dimiello, a fine long-haired animal which of all the stray dogs which made their homes in the trenches, had the most friends among the men. But the collie liked Dimiello best. We found out afterward that Dimiello used to save his food and even go hungry himself in order to keep himself high in the collie's good will. How Dimiello over trained the dog to go to the German trenches from ours, we were never able to figure out, but we first suspected Dimiello when we saw him lift the dog to the edge of our trench and send him on his way by throwing a stone towards the German lines, which were only one hundred and fifty feet distant.

The Dog Came Back

When the dog came back that night, a sentry caught him and searched him. Under his collar was a map which Dimiello had drawn with a note written in German, "We don't understand this map. Can't you make it plainer?" The sentry put the note back in place and let the dog go to Dimiello's sub-way hut. Two men were watching Dimiello when the dog entered. Dimiello put his finger under the dog's collar, pulled out the note, and began to read it when the men jumped upon him.

A Cool Prisoner

Dimiello was very cool about it, but he knew that his end had come. He was taken away and sentenced to death by a court martial. Luckily the firing squad was not chosen from among the men in our trench. The officers paraded him before us as an example. He kept his head high and seemed satisfied with what he had done for his country. Then they took him away somewhere to die.

But the next day we were forced to perform several executions, that were harder for some of the men, I think, than shooting their old trenchmate would have been.

An Unwelcome Order

"Kill all of the dogs in your trenches," ran the new command. I think some of the men who had made pets of stray dogs, wept the night of the order came. One fellow I know slept with his dog that night. We couldn't kill the dogs in cold blood; we were acquainted with them, just as we were with each other. They had been the bright spots in our muddy, drab lives. Many and dirty as they were, we were little cleaner; when there wasn't a smile left on our faces, during the rainy or extra dangerous days, there was always a sparkle in the eyes of the trench dogs, and they were always ready to play.

Executed by Shooting

But we had to kill them. O Portuguese who loved a little white fox terrier, discovered the easiest way. He threw a stone out of the trench; the little fellow went after it and just as he was picking it up in his mouth, about a dozen of our rifles blazed at him and over he went. We made believe to ourselves that we had been shooting at the Germans and that "Poopoo" had been killed by accident.

Our six dog friends went into eternity that day, laying themselves down among the bodies of the dead soldiers and dying deaths that we ourselves might meet at any time.

"A dog can't expect a better death than his master," said the Portuguese with tears welling in his eyes.

No soldier in all this great war has found a harder thing to do than we had that day when the dogs were sentenced to die.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

On and after April 1, 1915, the prices of work in all barber shops in Clearfield borough will be as follows:

Hair cut.....25 cents

Hair shave.....25 cents

Face massage.....25 cents

Head massage.....25 cents

Head shampoo.....25 cents

Beard trimming.....15 cents

Shave.....10 cents

Toilet water.....5 cents

Hot towel after shave.....5 cents

Hair tonic.....10 and 15 cents

Witch hazel steam.....10 cents

Crude oil treatment.....50 cents

Razor honing.....50 cents

Call to shave about town.....50 cents

Call to cut hair and shave about town.....75 cents

Call to hospital.....\$1.00

Closing Hours

8 o'clock P. M. everyday except Saturday.

10 o'clock P. M. Saturday.

The following days will be observed as holidays: Christmas, Fourth of July. Shops will be closed all day and remain open the night before until 10 P. M., except when the holiday falls on a Saturday or Monday, when the shops will close the night before at 8 P. M. and keep open until noon on the holiday. These holidays will be observed as half holidays. Memorial Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day. All shops will open for business at 7:30 A. M. sharp.

By order of

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

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of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

BOSS BARBERS,

of Clearfield Borough.

TODAY'S ODDEST STORY

(By United Press)

Danville, Ky., March 23.—Because he thought a train, the first he had ever seen, a "huge varmint" charging down upon him, George Mason heaved a rock at the "Royal Palm" on the Queen and Crescent route near here. Ray Fagan, of Sandusky, O., who happened to be in the path of the missile, sustained a slight scalp wound.

"I thought the god darn thing was one of them monsters you see in the picture books," Mason told the police. "I never seen one of 'em afore, and I was so darned scared, I jest lammed a rock right at the pesky thing."

Mason was so emphatic in relating the motives that actuated him that the officers released him.

Relief Expeditions Fail

The fate of the fortress had been inevitable since the failure of the last Austrian drive from the southward for its relief. There have been daily evidences of a shortage of provisions and reports of the ravages of disease reached the besiegers from time to time.

Gradually the lines about the city were drawn tighter until within the last fortnight Russian riflemen were within range of the outer works. Russian artillery pounded the forts ceaselessly.

The Austrian sortie of last Saturday was preceded by such an extravagant use of ammunition by the artillery as to leave the impression that the besieged army was at the end of its resources and desired to consume the remainder of its ammunition prior to surrendering.

Was Danger to Russia

Although Przemyśl had been eliminated as a positive menace to the Russian troops operating in Galicia since it was isolated and surrounded early in October, it always had been a potential source of danger. Many stubborn battles have been fought by the besiegers with portions of the garrison which attempted to break through the investing lines to join relief columns which on some occasions pushed to within 25 miles of the city.

The garrison of Przemyśl originally numbered 60,000 or 80,000 men, but sorties and shells must have cut a considerable number of thousands from that total.

The besieging army is understood to number about 120,000 officers and men. This force will now march on the strong Austrian fortress of Cracow, 125 miles to the west of Przemyśl, it being the announced determination of the Russian commander in chief to reduce the ancient Polish capital as speedily as possible.

ANCIENT WRITING.

The History of Man Began When an Alphabet Was Devised.

Perhaps the most valuable invention after the making of languages was that of writing, says a writer in "Student's Investigations." Picture writing was the first used by primitive men, such as was and still is used by the Indian tribes of the new world.

The characters in this system of writing were pictures of objects very crude in art, as for instance the picture of the eye, to indicate the organ of sight, and then again symbols for ideas were drawn, such as a picture of an arc, representing the sky and wavy lines beneath, thus indicating rain. This system of representing ideas and objects, which is the most natural to man, is known as ideographic, and the signs are called ideograms.

When the picture writer used symbols to represent the sounds of the human voice—that is, words and not objects or ideas—he took a great step in perfecting the system of writing. When symbols are used to represent words the ideogram becomes a phonogram, and the writing is called phonetic or sound writing. The Babylonians and Assyrians used characters to represent syllables instead of words, thus reducing the number of signs used in their writing to a few hundred. When characters or symbols are used to represent syllables they are called syllabic phonograms, and a collection of such signs is called a syllabary.

But still this system was clumsy, and a final step was taken in the making of an alphabet, the symbols being used to represent elementary sounds of the human voice instead of syllables. The symbols then became true letters, a collection of which is called the alphabet, the writing alphabet. When and where the first alphabet was made is not known, but several Semitic tribes were in possession of an alphabet as early as the ninth century B. C. It may truthfully be said that the history of man begins here, for without an alphabet records, dates, names and events could not have been recorded and preserved for us.

To Prevent Cheese Molding.

A good way to prevent cheese from molding is to wrap it in a cloth wrung out in vinegar and then in paper.

Mrs. Marian Rigler announces that she has opened a studio in the New Mossop building where she will receive pupils for vocal instructions.

Miss Rigler will be glad to discuss method, training, terms, etc., with anyone that is interested. For appointment call Bell Phone 122-R. H. & C. Phone 326.

Make Our Store Your Headquarters

If you are particular about the way your clothes are cleaned and pressed and repaired.

It pleases us to please you, so we overlook nothing in our desire to satisfy you.

May

THE MOVING FINGER

By HAROLD CARTER.

"No, sir, I won't let you look at my eyes, nor I won't have you round here neither," snarled "Pop" Hendon to young Doctor Gray.

The young physician had only spent three months in Greenville, but that was quite long enough to convince him that "Pop" Hendon was, as the neighbors said, the crankiest old man in Breton county.

Doctor Gray did not mind the old fellow's moods. Before he had gone blind, five years before, Hendon had been a good neighbor and citizen. Since his blindness he had become morose and suspicious. The worst feature of the situation, so far as the doctor was concerned, was that "Pop" suspected the young man's love for his only child, Alice, and took a malicious pleasure in taunting him about it.

The young fellow was not yet in a position to marry. Alice would have waited for him; but she could not leave her father. She was all he had. The young doctor had a last interview with his sweetheart that afternoon.

"Dearest, I will wait for you as long as is necessary," she said. "But so long as my father lives we must be just good friends and nothing more. If he were not blind I would leave all and come with you."

Gray understood. He kissed her fondly and went back to his office, resolved to throw himself with all his energy into his work and try to forget, until the time came to claim her.

And so a year passed by. Rarely, when Gray had occasion to pass the house, he would see the old man, implacable as ever, seated upon his porch, spelling out the Braille words with his right forefinger. He seemed conscious of the doctor's presence, and would look up and scowl heavily when Gray went by.

One day Gray had an urgent call on the telephone. It was from Alice.

"What you come up at once?" she begged. "Doctor Clifton is away and father has had a bad accident."

A medical man knows no enemies where his profession is concerned. Half an hour later Gray was at the house and being yanked into the old man's sick room.

Hendon had been knocked down by an automobile while trying to cross the street. He had taken malicious delight in running away from his daughter, and had been struck fairly by the machine. He was badly bruised; but what was worse, the tendons of his right hand had been crushed.

Gray saw at a glance that, while the hand could be made serviceable, Hendon would never again be able to straighten the fingers completely.

"You're the young fellow who used to be sweet on Alice, ain't you?" he snarled. "I thought you'd drop her as soon as you learned there wasn't any money coming with her."

"Let me see that hand, please," answered Gray.

A week later "Pop" Hendon learned the truth. His hand would be useful for all purposes except one; never again would he be able sufficiently to flex the forefinger so as to feel the raised type with the delicate nerve tissue underneath the first joint.

When the news was broken to him the old man's agony was painful to witness. He lay still without speaking for days together, interpersing these periods of moroseness, however, with outbreaks of maniacal fury. At such times only Gray could restrain him from flinging himself out of the window. Somehow the young doctor seemed to have acquired a certain influence over the morose old man.

It was after one of these maniacal spells that Gray addressed Hendon, who was lying exhausted upon his bed.

"Mr. Hendon," he said, "I may as well tell you that I took the occasion just now to examine your eyes."

Hendon lay on the bed in dogged silence.

"I believe your trouble is nothing but cataract," he continued. "I have been to the doctors who examined you before and seen their records. What they told you was that your case was incurable at present, but might be alleviated later."

"Yes, trying to fool me into spending more money on 'em," snarled "Pop" Hendon.

"No, sir," answered Doctor Gray decisively. "A cataract cannot be operated upon until it has reached a certain stage of hardness, about a year after it begins. You were the victim of your own suspicions. You could have been cured years ago. You can be cured now."

"Will you do it, Doc?" gasped old Hendon, turning his face upon Gray's with a look of wistful hope in his eyes.

Two weeks later "Pop" Hendon, seated in the dining room, waited for the bandage to be lifted. The morose old man had been strangely silent during the period of waiting.

Doctor Gray took off the bandages. "Well, sir?" he demanded.

"Pop" Hendon leaped out of his chair.

"I can see!" he screamed, clapping Gray violently by the hands. "Lord, I can see again. Doc, how good the world is!"

With which sentiment the doctor was in entire sympathy, as he drew Alice toward him and kissed her. And "Pop" Hendon beamed on them through his heavy lenses.

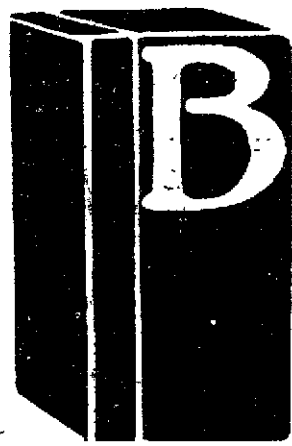
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The Last is the Best



BEFORE the days of tango teas and fox trots, when we gathered at the home of somebody's best beau down in the Old Town, we used to "count out" for the games, and the invariable rule of THE LAST IS THE BEST OF ALL THE GAME was a law that could not be disputed.

In a recent issue of the New York Herald, James L. Ford, in reviewing "Mr. Grex of

Monte Carlo" says that the work of E. Phillips Oppenheim improves steadily as the years roll on; and that his stories are as full of dramatic interest as ever.

True, and his VERY LAST story is yet the best of all. It has dramatic interest plus; it has individuality; it is inventive, scientific, ingenious, SKILLFUL—a story that will live as long as will the name of the author itself.

This wonderful story is "THE BLACK BOX," a mystery tale told as only Oppenheim can tell it. Plausible, yet seemingly beyond human comprehension; sensational, yet profoundly dignified, mysterious without a hint of cheap "blood and thunder."

THE BLACK BOX is full of action—gripping, soul stirring, thrilling—something doing in every line—never prosaic, never commonplace, never dull. Being written by E. Phillips Oppenheim it necessarily follows that the plot is original, that the situations are exciting, the denouement intensely dramatic.

And so "the last is the best of all the game," and as nothing is too good for our readers, this LAST and BEST story will be presented to them in serial form. The unique motion pictures of THE BLACK BOX, which were produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, will be shown at the same time in this city.

You will want to see these startling pictures, you will want to read this thrilling story: you will want to be among those who solve the mystery—who learn the secret of THE BLACK BOX.

First Installment Tonight on Page Four

EVOLUTION OF JITNEYS

A STORY OF PROGRESS

(By United Press)

Kansas City, Mo., March 23.—The evolution of the jitney is a story of itself. Less than two months ago, the first small five passenger touring car made its appearance in Kansas City streets, offering a ride for five cents. Strap hangers swamped the little car. Within a few days fifty small touring cars in operation over fixed routes taking as much business from the street railway company as the jitneys could handle.

Then appeared the first automobile with a bus body, with a large carrying capacity. Jitney drivers were quick to see that the increase in carrying capacity was far ahead of the increase in cost of operation. Soon many auto delivery wagons made their appearance with seats on both sides. Instantly they became popular both with the jitney fans and with the drivers. The latter discovered that all light speedy trucks stood up better under the wear and tear than the converted pleasure cars. Then, too, the purchaser of a truck ran no risk in his investment should the jitney business prove a failure. They reasoned they would still have a serviceable car for delivery work.

A further development of the jitney truck was the scheme of several drivers to use their cars as buses during the rush hours and contract for delivery work for some large firm from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Another development has been the number of independent owners who have entered the field with cars "For Hire" for a ten cent fare within a certain area. Some independents, also charged ten cents for a trip from the union station to any hotel and get plenty of business. But the ten cent cars are few and far between. Then there are other cars that merely bear the sign "Anywhere. Rates Reasonable." And they are putting in heavily on the taxicab business. Another class of jitneys are those who run only during the rush hours and during fair weather. So far most of the weather has been decidedly unfavorable for the jitneys but despite this more than 300 cars are in operation with a big increase certain with the coming of spring.

The organized jitneys have a traffic manager, whom they hired for the traffic department of a railroad. They have an equipment and driver inspector and are carrying on a campaign to drive unit and dangerous drivers from the organization. They have contracted for a construction of a jitney co-operative garage down town to take care of their own maintenance and repair work. They now have two downtown central stations with plenty of announcers and starters.

Carriage factories are busy converting limousine and large touring cars into jitney buses. Hundreds of men are in business for themselves, while the Metropolitan has ordered fifty new street cars to put into the service in May to better compete with the "nickel grabbers."

The advent of the jitney has developed an acute form of the "Jitney fan" who refuses to ride in the street cars and talks jitneys all his spare time. With the good will of the community, restrictive legislation proposed is not expected to get very far. Kansas Citians already predict that within ten years the street car tracks will be torn up, the motor bus supplanting the street cars as the trolley did the cable car.

Not many years ago, being one of the few foreigners permitted to reside in the interior of Japan, I was favored with this interesting experience. Living near a small fishing village and out of convenient reach of the treaty ports, I found it necessary to content myself to a great extent with native subsistence. However, a daily supply of delicious living fish went far to compensate for the absence of beefsteak and bread and butter.

The peddlers of fish carry their dinky merchandise in shallow tubs filled with water, suspended from the ends of a yoke across the shoulders. In this fashion they trot along for miles on their rounds. Having the advantage of first choice, I could usually select one of a size suitable for the day's needs, but one morning they were all entirely too large, and when it was pointed out that the smallest was double the size wanted he replied:

"Oh, but you can cut it in two; use half today, the other half tomorrow."

This suggestion would seem simple enough in American markets, but when he was told that stale fish was undesirable he explained that the remaining half would be as lively tomorrow or any day thereafter until used, that the operation would not hurt the fish in the slightest respect. At this point curiosity prompted me to direct the dip vivisectionist to proceed with his barbarous act.

He immediately laid one of the fish on a board and placed his long, keen edged knife just back of the gills and quickly sliced off all of one side down to the tail and so close to the ribs that you could almost see them. The part containing the vital organs was returned to the water, where, of course, owing to loss of equilibrium, it turned on its side. But to my astonishment it swam round lively as ever, seemingly undisturbed by the loss of so much flesh, and remained so until the next day when I was ready to cook it.

My native friends smiled at the suggestion of cruelty and related the story of a distinguished daimyo who caught a fish sliced in this manner that had been placed in the river years before and lived this long time happy and lively as other fish. But the idea of carving a living fish made me shudder, and I never tried it again.—C. D. Welton, in New York Tribune.

The Clearfield Progress

Pure Food Directory

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A selected blend of CHOICE COFFEES in moisture and just proof packages.

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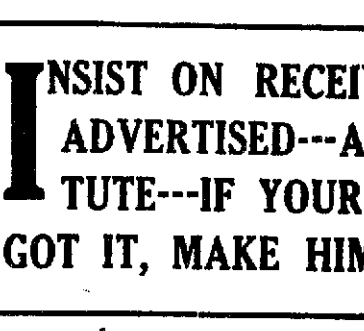
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The Peruvian congress has authorized the construction of a railroad from the present most easterly terminus in that country to the head of navigation on the Amazon river.

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Expert Piano Tuning and Repairing
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Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching, good winter laying strain. Thirteen delivered to Clearfield for 90 cents. H. & C. Phone 1-E. Call between four and eight P. M.

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The value of paper as a protector from cold is due, of course, to its being such a poor conductor of heat, a quality which increases rapidly as layer is added to layer. The best kind, for this purpose, is fortunately that which is most abundant—the one kind that can be had for the asking, or even for the taking.

Property For Sale

At Montgomery School house, two miles from Clearfield, containing nearly seven acres, with good 7-room house with bath and pantry. New 12x45 two-story chicken coop; old barn 22x40, also about 80 fruit trees, one acre in small fruits. Price \$1600.

For further information call at

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A Pretty Two-Light Chandelier will Replace that drop cord and add to the Appearance of the Room, and will Only Cost \$3.25.

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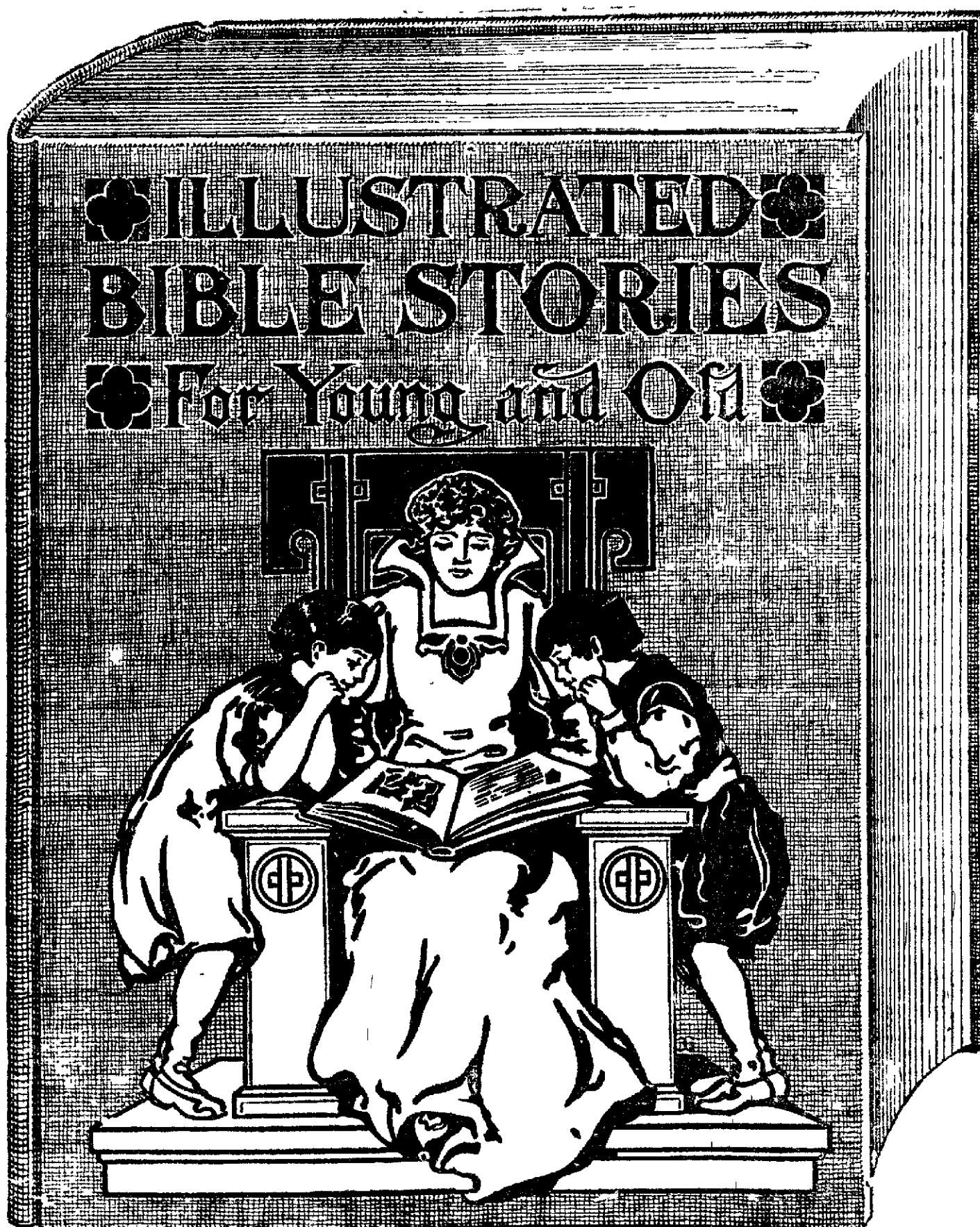
among the readers of a big syndicate of leading newspapers. The enormous size of this purchase has made possible the distribution of the book for a nominal promotion amount which barely covers advertising, clerk hire, express from factory, etc.

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Mail Orders by Parcel Post include Extra 8 cents within 150 miles, 12 cents 150 to 300 miles, for greater distance ask your postmaster amount to include for 4 pounds. Address, **The Clearfield Progress, Clearfield, Pa.**



STOOP SHOULDERS THE
RESULT OF CARELESSNESS

In his "Little Talks on Health and Hygiene," Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., commissioner of health, says: "Atlas bore the weight of the heavens upon his head and hands, according to a Greek myth, but those of mankind who carry the burden of life, too often let it rest upon their shoulders. Stoop shouldered men and women by the thousands are to be found among the followers of sedentary occupations. Nine out of ten when the subject is mentioned will square away their shoulders and say 'I'm getting a little careless about that.' Then they make a momentary resolve that they will brace up and overcome the fault. That it is a fault and one that has a distinct bearing upon health there is no question."

No system of physical culture is complete which does not include exercises which teach erect carriage and deep breathing. One of these is impossible without the other. In this lies the chief ill effect of stoop shoulders.

To maintain good health we should use our lungs to their normal capacity at all times. The proper purification of the blood through oxygenation requires ample breathing. Drop your shoulders forward and then try to take a full breath; see how impossible it is to do so in that position. Breathing with the shoulders forward and the breast bone depressed is only partially accomplished. The lower portion of the lungs cannot be emptied and instead of receiving a supply of fresh air they will be filled with residual air.

To work, sit or walk day after day with the shoulders hunched forward, means that the lung capacity is lessened just so much and a corresponding loss of vitality results.

Such a posture also permits the sagging of the diaphragm, a resulting displacement of the abdominal organs and leads to serious digestive disturbances.

Do not resort to shoulder braces or other mechanical means to correct stooping shoulders. These are but makeshifts which do not remedy the real trouble. Make the mental effort necessary to keep the body erect. By maintaining proper posture the muscles can be strengthened and made to do their work of holding the body upright.

When children exhibit a tendency to grow stoop shouldered parents and teachers should see to it that they are given physical exercises to correct the fault.

ERSTWHILE "RUBES"
BECOMING EDUCATED

(By United Press)

Chicago, March 23.—Newspaper publicity has forced the professional "con" man from criminal life throughout the United States. This is according to Captain of Detectives O'Brien, Chicago, once the crime center of the west, is now freed of confidence grifters, O'Brien said.

"One time famous would become the immediate victim of the man who could sell him either the Masonic temple, the Lincoln monument, Jackson park or the Garv steel works," he said. "But newspaper stories breezily written, have been widely read and the erstwhile 'rube' has become a Willie Wise."

PENN GRANGE ASKS
AMENDMENT OF ACT

The following resolution was passed by Penn Grange at a meeting held at Grampian on March 13.

Whereas, the act defining commodities, regulating the sale thereof and providing penalties for violation thereof, number 445 of 1913 session, provides that farm and some other products when sold by the bushel or subdivision of the bushel, shall weigh certain arbitrary amounts per bushel, fixed by law many of such weights not corresponding to the true weights of such commodities when measured in full standard bushel thus working hardship and loss to farmers.

Therefore, Be it resolved by Penn Grange, No. 534, P. of H., held at Grampian March 1, 1915, that the legislature be asked to amend the above act by the addition of the following: "Provided that nothing in this act shall prevent the selling or make it unlawful to sell, commodities by the full standard measured bushel or subdivision of a bushel, or peck or half peck or gallon or quart or pint, without regard to weight, when so stated by the vendor."

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the governor of the state, a copy to our state senator, a copy to each of our members of the legislature, a copy to Pomona grange, and a copy to the executive committee of state grange, and that copies be sent for publication in six county papers.

U. L. W. H.
W. L. T. C. D.
G. A. W. O. S.

Amended by the Grange
U. L. W. H.
W. L. T. C. D.
G. A. W. O. S.

After a year or so each year since 1910 the price of beef cattle in the United States increased more than 3 per cent. last year.

Spring Opening

Featuring Princess Coats and Suits

A GAIN the days of showing the fashions for the coming season are here and this season promises to be still more interesting than any we have had for a great many years. You no doubt will recall that the last style days we were taking our fashions from the Wars, like the Balkan, the Russian and Japanese war, etc., and here we are with one of the greatest wars that the world has ever heard about, and we are getting our styles from the period of 1830; hardly hint about the present war. However, a few very stunning suits and coats with the military effect, the Tommie Atkins, etc., are interesting, but the great part of the fashions are those of years. Great, wide flaring skirts, low neck with the daintiest kind of ruffles, shoulder straps, tiny floral designs, plenty of rose buds, and some fashion designers are even telling us about the poke bonnet.

Nevertheless, the new fashions are a relief from the straight designs of the directory period. Women are taking a great interest in the fashions we are presenting for their approval this season. Each department has contributed to the display.

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Beautiful Silks

We will ask you to commence at the beginning of the west aisle in the Silk Department, see the lovely silks all spread out; the newest shades and the wonderful combination of colorings that fashion has appeared. The very newest silks that will be found is the "Pussy Willow" Taffeta. All the fashion designers of the world have recommended this new taffeta. It seems to be just right; just stiff enough for the wide, flaring dresses. The shades are marvelous, delicate, soft and lustrous. We are showing these beautiful forty-inch wide silks in all the new colorings for Spring.

Crepe de chine Silks are next in favor and are shown in all the wanted shades in two qualities \$1.00 and \$1.50 yd. Soft lustrous messalines are still much in demand and we are showing a very fine quality 36-in. wide at a dollar yard.

Faille Silks for these wanting a heavier suiting silk in black, olive and putty shades.

Silk Poplins that are forty inches wide are much in demand and are shown in white, sand, rose, green, copen, navy, wisteria and battleship gray, priced \$1.00 a yard.

Dainty striped wash silks for waists and dresses 24 to 36-in wide, priced 50c to \$1.00 a yard.

Beautiful new plaid and striped silk for waists, girdles and trimmings are wanted where a dash of color is desired, they are a full yard wide and priced \$1.00 and \$1.50 a yard.

Dress Goods

As there will be plenty of plaits and ruffles and the skirts will flow considerably, naturally the materials will be of a light weight nature, and for that reason we are showing some handsome clothes that are exceptionally suited for these styles, among the new weaves we are showing are the Gabardines, Venetian, Epingle, French serges, and the popular black and white checks and striped suitings.

For the White Spring Coat are shown two very good numbers in Serge and Chinchilla 56-in. wide.

Wash Goods

The new Spring and Summer wash fabrics are here in glorious profusion. They complete a large section of this aisle; they are piled high on counters and shelves and embrace all that's new in plain white and the dainty colored effects. Many of them are shown in extra width full 40 inches wide to meet the demand created by the wide full skirts, volies, printed, embroidered and in shadow lace effects are among the chief glories of the showing, and are "hand in glove" with fashion. The patterns are small and medium with a showing of large floral effects that are considered very good. Among our showing you'll find Organdie Raye, Regatta Crepe, Shadow Voiles, Snow Flake voile, Rice Voiles, Lace Cloth, Palatial Voiles, Printed Butterfly Crepe, Embroidered Voile, Printed Dot Swiss, Costume Crepe, Printed Crepe, Mercerized Voile, Printed Organdy and Windsor Batiste from 10c to 35c a yard.

Spring Millinery

Many complimentary things were said about our new millinery on opening night. The ladies are coming from far and near to see our very carefully prepared display of millinery for Spring.

Exquisite models of hats for all occasions are here for your approval and selection.

It is a dignified and pleasing presentation of the newest and best from American Millinery centers.

Stylish ready to wear hats bearing the 1915 Spring imprint as low as \$3.00 to \$5.00, and our exclusive models and pattern hats are only a little more.

New Suits

The late arrivals in the suits have short jackets, with full flare, plaited and straight box back—some have tiny buttons as trimmings, others that show military effect are braid finished while some of the very latest have mosil silk collars and cuffs.

The skirts are wide—some plaited and some are plain; the new materials are the light weight, Gabardine, men's wear serge, poplins coverts and checked novelty suitings. The shades are Belgium blue, cunard blue, battleship grey, silver, tans, navy and black.

Top Coats

Among the new top coats you will be surprised to find the box coat made of covert. They say there is nothing new under the sun, 'tis true about these covert coats, but every time they revise these coats they seem to be newer than ever. Wonderfully stylish. Some are box backs, some have box plaits with belts.

"Watch your step" coat and very late style that is full of "kick," made of American Woolen Co.'s all-wool poplin, full lined with yarn-dyed pean de cygne. Silk velvet collar, cuffs and button rims, convertible collar. We are showing them today in black, navy, Belgian blue, green, also in all-wool shepherd checks and covert cloth.

ART SILK COATS and "Mayerknit" sweater coats are synonymous. They are an ideal garment for Spring, Summer and early fall wear—they're neat, stylish and attractive and will be in big demand this year; these new sweater coats you'll find on display in the underwear department on main floor. They come in copenhagen, rose, tan, also in two-tone, black and red, black and gold, black and green.

The New Corsets

Every fashionable gathering gives evidence of the decided changes in Milady's Contour. At last good taste dominates the mode and the charm of the natural figure comes into its own.

If you are not absolutely satisfied with your present corset there is no surer way to improve the defects than to visit our corset department and be correctly fitted with one of the new Spring models.

Dresses, Suits and Coats

While you are strolling about viewing the new fashions for the coming season by all means don't forget our ready to wear section. Here we are showing the new suits, dresses and coats, among the most interesting in this section are the new dresses, wonderfully attractive. You'll find that in most instances they are made of either Crepe de Chine, Pussy Willow Taffeta, Messaline or Chiffon Taffeta.

You'll notice at a glance that these dresses resemble the fashions of 1830, that the great fashion designers have been talking so much about. The high waist line, the wide, flaring skirts with plaits and ruffles, the narrow velvet ribbons for shoulder straps, the tiny rose buds for trimmings.

Laces

You will be glad to know that there will be lots of dainty, flimsy laces used this season. Laces are something that is dear to the hearts of every woman, and they are always well pleased when dame fashion says "Plenty of Laces" for this season you'll want to spend considerable time at the lace counter and see the wide flouncings in dainty shadow laces, the Oriental Laces, the wide Valenciennes. The quality of the laces is not new, but the patterns are new, and the prices you'll find as low as could be wished.

New Shirt Waists

The greater number of shirt waists we are showing are made of crepe de chine and pussy willow taffeta.

Again you see the touch of dainty laces, many have the lace yoke, lace sleeves, some have lace bands around the sleeves, then we have the utility waists made of crepe de chine, with the high collars and buttons with tiny pearl and silk covered buttons. The buttons are very small and close together; they button straight up the front to the top of the collar.

Interesting Style Hints

Small waists are returning.
Higher bust corsets are good this season.
Slouch figures are out of style.
Stout figures—full figures—fleshy women can be reduced with the new Gossards.
Corsets are about the same.
Bust gores are lower—allowing for fuller diaphragm.
Materials are better than ever.
Supporter tips will not tear finest hosiery.
Careful fittings must be made because of military erectness demanded by designers.
Cost of new models includes better materials, better service, more comfort and authentic style.
You get these things no matter what price you pay.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY